

MACLEAN'S

THE MAN WHO'S GOING
TO MAKE OUR TV SHOWS

MAY 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

HOW TO SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

THE ORDEAL OF SERETSE KHAMA
AND HIS WHITE QUEEN



Parker Spring Gift Showin!

To help solve your gift problems, Parker dealers offer a special pen showing. At the price you prefer, you'll find a Parker Pen to speak your good wishes with sincerity.



Parker...PEN NAME
FOR THE PERFECT GIFT



PARKER PEN CO. LTD., Toronto, Ontario

New Parker... \$1.95



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Twin Parker... \$1. Gold Ring case... \$1.95

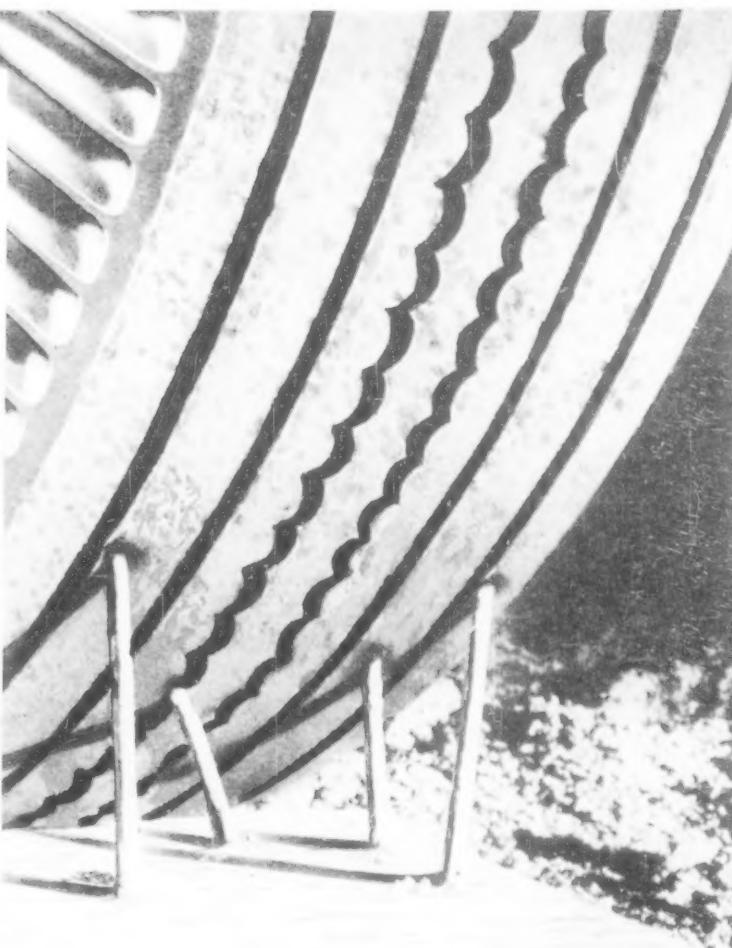
New Parker... \$2. \$2.95

New Parker... \$2.95 with Magnetic pocket... \$1.50 to \$2.95
New Parker Dual-fold case... \$3.95

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B.F. Goodrich TUBELESS TIRE

the tire that earned the
name, "LIFE-SAVER"



Breathtaking? Not on your life

It's the revolutionary B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire. The tire that needs no inner tube—no tube to buy, no tube to puncture or blow out. The air-retaining lining is actually a part of the tire itself.

Even driven over big three-inch spikes, this amazing tire doesn't lose air. A special layer of sealant rubber under the tread sticks to any puncturing object and prevents air from escaping. When the puncturing object is pulled out, the tire seals itself instantly and permanently. You continue to drive just as though the tire had never been punctured.

Developed, tested and perfected by B. F. Goodrich research engineers, the

B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire has now been in use in the U.S.A. for over four years, where thousands of owners report phenomenal trouble-free mileage.

PROTECTS AGAINST BLOWOUTS

Most blowouts start when a tire is bruised by a curb-hole. The damaged casing pinches and chafes the inner tube as you drive until suddenly, without warning, it blows out.

The B.F.G. Tubeless Tire *has no inner tube to blow out*. Damage to the tire can only cause pin-hole leaks that lose air so slowly you have miles in which to make a safe, easy stop.

PROTECTS AGAINST DANGEROUS SKIDS

The amazing new tread on the

Tubeless Tire is made up of thousands of flexible rubber "grip-blocks" — spaced 16 to the inch. These tiny blocks grip the road like a tank tread. On wet or icy roads the flexible action literally wipes a dry path to give safe, sure traction.

Comparison tests with conventional tires show that this tread has up to 100% greater traction on ice and up to 40% greater on wet pavement.

The B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire fits your present rims. The scientifically designed tire bead, with rim seal ridges, forms an airtight pressure lock against the rim. It can't come off — it can't lose air.

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• Gift occasions will keep popping up all through the weeks ahead. But this year it's more simple than ever to choose bright, welcome gifts.

The *Parker Spring Gift Showing*, featured by Parker dealers everywhere, places before you an unusually fine array of New Parker writing instruments. Each one reflects the distinctive styling, the traditional craftsmanship and value which set Parker Pens apart from all others.

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New Parker desk sets with Magnetix sockets . . . \$11.50 to \$235.00. New Parker Duo-fold pen . . . \$3.95. With pencil, \$5.95.

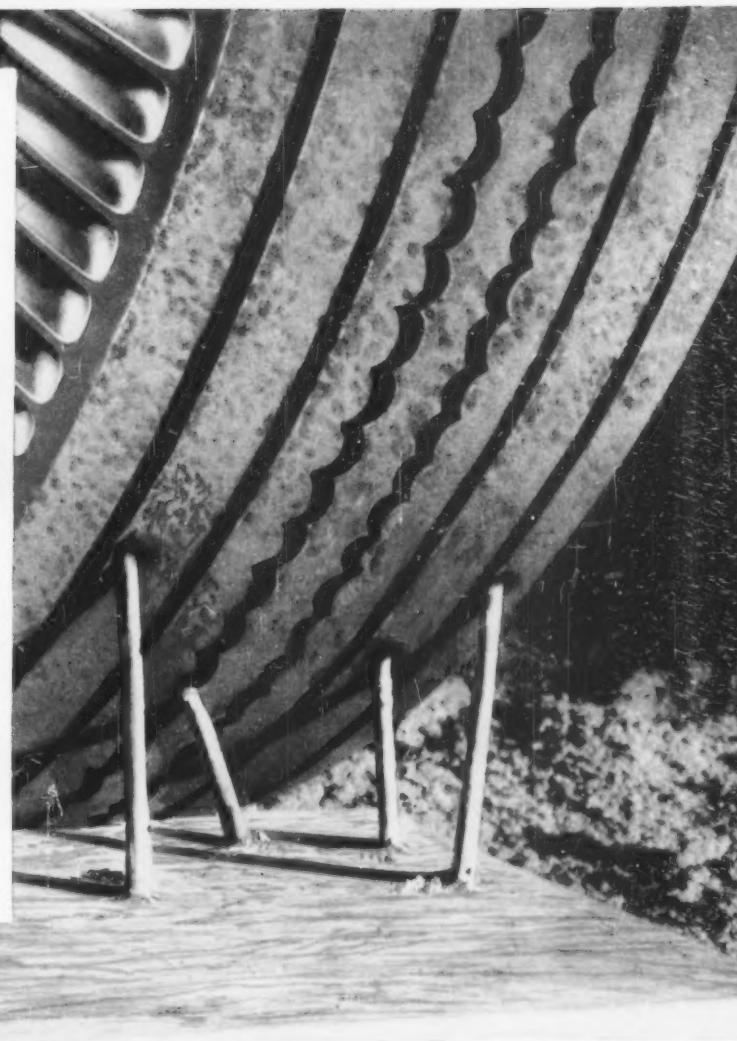
Available in a variety of colours and points to suit any preference. All "51" and "21" Pens "write dry" with Superchrome Ink. No blotter needed. They can use any fountain pen ink.

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The question raised by all this is not what Stalin said but whether, as when any suitor grows flushed and eloquent by candlelight, it's safe to go on listening.

Many people think not. The free world has every reason to be suspicious of Stalin's ardent nothings. The Americans in particular have been cool to the suggestion that he be invited to tell us more at a special conference of the major powers.

It's this magazine's view, nevertheless, that those who are charged with the weary task of coming to terms with Stalin have more to fear through not listening to him than through listening to him. Our rules for listening have improved immeasurably since the costly days of Teheran and Yalta. We have discovered, and barely in time to save our skins, that the Russians are likely to tell the truth only when the truth happens to suit some limited and temporary purpose of their own. The Russians, incidentally, have made the same discovery, or pretend to have made the same discovery, about us. As long as this understanding remains in effect there can be no danger that either side will talk the other out of anything on talk alone.

What then can any conference ever offer to the cause of peace? Perhaps a good deal. Words by themselves — whether they be

soothing words or tough words, honest words or venal words — may have lost their power to resolve the dispute between Russia and the West, but words backed with actions offer the only hope for any settlement short of war. Unless it has accepted war as absolutely inevitable neither side can assume otherwise.

Dare the Russians assume that respect for their strength will never dissuade us from what they advertise as our dark imperialist designs? Dare we assume that respect for our strength will never dissuade them from their vision of enslaving the world? Leaving honesty, trust and good will out of it altogether, dare either side assume that the simple instinct for self-preservation will never force the other to listen to reason?

None of these questions alters the facts of life and the facts of life admittedly are about as hostile to a negotiated settlement as they could possibly be. Before even attempting any negotiated settlement with Stalin it would be necessary for the Western negotiators to satisfy themselves on three points: (1) What he proposes to do in exact, concrete physical terms; (2) What exact, concrete and physical guarantees can be set up that he will do it; (3) What exact, concrete and physical guarantees can be set up that he will keep on doing it. In return, of course, he will ask for the same evidence, commitments and safeguards from us.

Negotiations conducted in such a spirit can offer no sure prospect of peace. But an unyielding refusal to negotiate in any spirit or in any circumstances offers an even less attractive prospect.

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Announcing



A new battery with new features—developed in the research laboratories of Exide, creator of the first automobile starting battery. Results of continuing tests are so startling that we hesitate to predict just how many years the ULTRA START will last. However, we do know this: put an Exide ULTRA START in your car and, barring accident or downright neglect, you will not have to buy another battery for a long, long time!

Three new battery developments give ULTRA START amazingly longer life . . .

SILVIUM, THE CORROSION-RESISTANT GRID ALLOY

Exide's newly developed alloy of silver, lead, and other components—defeats a battery's most destructive enemy . . . grid corrosion. Grid corrosion is caused by overcharging, which accounts for 60% of all battery failures. Corroding tests show that SILVIUM grids last more than twice as long as ordinary grids. SILVIUM contributes to the longer life of your ULTRA START!

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BUILT TO
LAST LONGER

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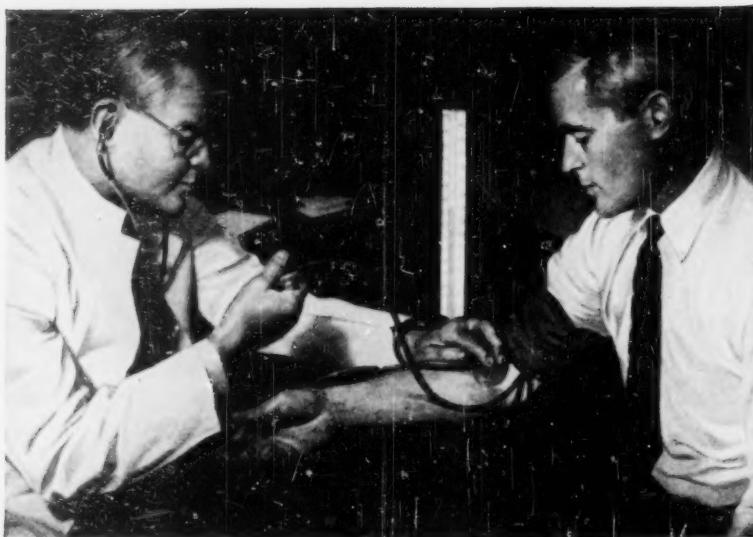
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EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO



Some Common Fallacies About HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a major cause of heart disease in middle age and later years. Directly or indirectly, it claims about 10,000 lives annually in our country.

Yet, medical science can do much for people with high blood pressure. Doctors say, however, that certain false beliefs which many people have about this condition sometimes make treatment more difficult. By replacing fallacies with facts, patients are helped to develop a calm mental outlook—one of the most important factors in controlling hypertension.

Listed below are some of the common fallacies about high blood pressure, and some medical facts which may be reassuring.

FALLACY #1

That an increase in blood pressure is always a sign of trouble. This is by no means true. In fact, everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time as a result of physical activity or emotional strain.

Such temporary rises in pressure are perfectly normal and are not a sign of trouble. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension.

It is always important to have the doctor determine whether blood pressure is persistently higher than it should be, and to search for the underlying causes.

FALLACY #2

That nothing can be done to control high blood pressure. Far from it! Under living and working conditions specified by the doctor, high blood pressure may clear up in some cases before it has a chance to damage the heart and blood vessels. Or,

the doctor may suggest other measures to help lower blood pressure to a safe level.

In all cases, close and continued cooperation with the doctor is essential. This is why everyone—especially those who are middle-aged or older, those who have a family history of hypertension, or those who are overweight—should have periodic health examinations.

FALLACY #3

That high blood pressure demands restriction in all activity. On the contrary, many people who have this condition continue to enjoy active, useful lives simply by following the doctor's advice.

Among measures which the doctor may suggest to help lower blood pressure are: *practice moderation in every physical activity; avoid emotional extremes; keep weight normal; get plenty of rest.*

By carefully observing these precautions, many people with high blood pressure can live long and nearly normal lives.

Among the agencies that are sponsoring studies on diseases of the heart and circulatory system is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. Today there is real hope that the research attack will provide increasingly effective weapons against such conditions.

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Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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your booklet, 52-M, entitled,
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Street _____

City _____



Prov. _____

LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



From the House of Commons library Bax sees real reasons for optimism.

DID STALIN MAKE HITLER'S BLUNDER?

THE LIBRARY of the House of Commons is always a pleasant place but particularly at this time of the year when spring has gotten over her first tearful doubts and is settled down to a maidenly sobriety. Here there are no telephones to interrupt, no strangers, no constituents. The philosopher can sink into a deep leather chair and close his eyes so as to concentrate the better upon the debate to which he will return later on. It is amusing to hear the tugs snorting warning to the bridge that they are coming through, and it is soothing to watch those wise motionless philosophers of the river, the barges, standing philosophically while they gaze at the Houses of Parliament.

So it is in the library that I want to write this letter, for there are ideas in my head that need clarifying, and I have a feeling that if the job is well done the process of clarification may illuminate some of the dark spaces in your minds as well.

Let me admit that in writing about the condition of the world as it is at this moment I am somewhat influenced by having just listened to a private talk by Anthony Eden. I am not in a position to quote him but there is no harm in saying he was more optimistic about the immediate future than at any time since the end of the Hitler war—and remember that, while Eden may be a romantic off duty, he is a realist when it comes to foreign affairs.

Things have not worked out according to plan for Stalin. That does not mean the Western world has placed itself in an impregnable position or that Western statesmanship deserves the name of genius. Democracy always muddles its affairs and there have been plenty of mistakes since the war-worn democracies put away the sword in 1945 and took up the torch. History will record that in that effort he proved himself a generalissimo of genius and indomitable spirit.

When the war ended he was an old man—but fanaticism is a drug that drives the heart at a merciless pace. Perhaps too it is worth noting that dictators cannot retire unless they choose. *Continued on page 53*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Scramble for Seats

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

AS USUAL, the question of redistribution is proving a terrible headache to politicians of all parties. After what they've gone through this spring MPs may even be willing to give serious thought to Chubby Power's private bill which would turn the whole thing over to a nonpolitical commission.

This year the focus of trouble is Saskatchewan. Had the constitution taken its course on the basis of the 1951 census Saskatchewan would have lost five of its twenty seats. By the compromise which Prime Minister St. Laurent suggested, Saskatchewan will lose only three seats this time. Every other province will get its full due, so the taxpayer will be asked to provide salaries and expenses for two extra MPs.

Every party has good reason to favor this. For the Liberals the loss of five seats would have ruined the Jimmy Gardiner machine. Progressive Conservatives knew it would wipe out John Diefenbaker's seat (which may happen anyway, but at least they've tried). The CCF knows Saskatchewan is the only place where they've any hope of winning a block of seats. Social Crediters hope to win some, too.

Aside from party ties, MPs are as clannish as any other occupational group. They tend to look out for each other and to be against any change that might create unemployment.

Altogether, then, there was every reason to expect a pretty crude political deal at the taxpayers' expense. It's true there's been a deal, and it's true it'll cost the taxpayer a little money. But, in spite of what cynics may tell you, that is not the whole story.

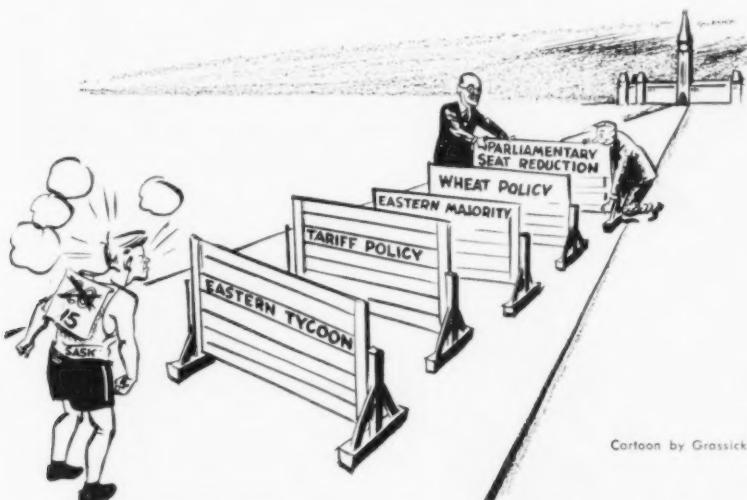
St. Laurent first held the opinion that the constitution must prevail. He was not swayed from that view by the unanimous resolution of the Saskatchewan Legislature, asking that no province should lose more than ten percent of its representation at one time. Nor, his friends say, was he convinced by Saskatchewan's minister, Hon. James G. Gardiner. If any colleague changed the Prime Minister's mind, they think it was Ontario's youngest minister, Walter E. Harris.

Harris is the cabinet's expert on redistribution. Nobody knows more thoroughly than he the advantage which the rural voter has over the urban in every Canadian election. Anywhere in Canada it takes fewer farmers than city men to send a man to parliament. In eight provinces this is a matter of give and take between each province's city and country MPs. Ontario and Quebec, for instance, have swollen cities which are grossly under-represented and rural ridings which are very close to being "rotten boroughs." But the federal members have the remedy in their own hands for there are enough seats to go around if they are fairly distributed.

Only two provinces are truly rural, Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island. P. E. I. got itself protected forty years ago, by an amendment which said no province should have fewer MPs than it has senators. P. E. I. came into Confederation with four senators. In population the whole province is now only half the size of Ottawa, but it still elects four MPs.

The prairies get no real protection from this rule because they were almost

Continued on page 76



The prairies feel the course is tough enough without adding a hurdle.

NEW green toothpaste with miracle chlorophyll

NATURE'S
GREATEST
PURIFIER



Recently the Reader's Digest reported: "To clean the entire mouth, including breath, a toothpaste containing chlorophyll, the leaf green healing drug of World War II, has recently been developed. Tests indicated that it is 50 per cent more effective against mouth odors than a toothpaste without chlorophyll."

These remarkable results were obtained with Chlorodent, the new green chlorophyll* toothpaste. Chlorodent was used in hundreds of mouth-odor tests on people with bad breath. When they brushed their teeth with Chlorodent, their mouth odor disappeared. Two hours later, their breath was still fresh in 98% of the cases. Four hours later, 74% were still free of mouth odor!

By using Chlorodent regularly—

preferably after meals—you can be free of mouth odor all day long!

Chlorodent also works wonders in fighting tooth decay. It greatly reduces the mouth acids that "eat" into tooth enamel. It helps combat the bacteria that cause these acids. And it keeps teeth so clean bacteria find it difficult to multiply.

Moreover, Chlorodent promotes the growth of firm, healthy-pink gum tissue. So, if you are troubled with tender gums, you will definitely want to use Chlorodent!

Chlorodent was perfected by the great Pepsodent laboratories after four years of dental research. You'll love its cool, minty flavor. Try it right away! See why Chlorodent is winning friends faster than any other toothpaste!

*Water-soluble chlorophyllins

Chlorodent

THE NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

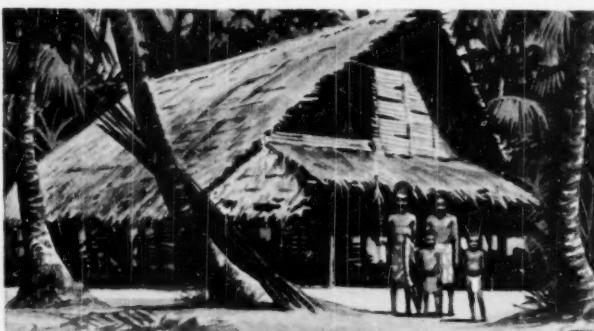
BARRETT TAKES YOU ON A PICTURE-TOUR OF ROOFS AROUND THE WORLD



IN PREHISTORIC TIMES, men made roofs from twigs, grass, hides—whatever was handy. A modern, scientifically designed roof like the one you see at the left, with its colorful Barrett* Shingles, combining beauty, utility and low-cost, represents the culmination of thousands of years of development in man's search for better shelter.



SOD ROOFS lend a picturesque touch to many of the homes of Norway. They have two big advantages: You never have to paint them, and if you own a goat, he keeps them trim. BARRETT Asphalt Shingles don't have to be painted either, and—unlike the roofs of Norway—they withstand the fiercest of the elements.



THATCHED ROOFS were probably the invention of Neanderthal man, and they're still common in many South Sea islands. They help keep the natives cool, but they're not too dependable when the rains come. And, in dry weather, they burn like tinder. Americans can be especially thankful for the fire-resistance of modern, water-proof BARRETT Asphalt Shingles.



ICED ROOFS, strangely enough, provide Eskimos with first-rate insulation against the cold. A roof of ice wouldn't be much good in our climate, however. We need the versatility of a quality roof of BARRETT Asphalt Shingles, which stand up through cold or heat, rain or shine. Your Barrett dealer or applicator will be glad to help you with any roofing problems you may have. His advice is always available and it costs you nothing.

"Between the World and the Weather Since 1854"

Built-Up Roofs • Asphalt Shingles • Roll Roofings and Sheathings
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*Reg'd Trade Mark

THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO MAKE OUR TV

When television arrives in Canada, probably this summer, much of what comes out on the screen will come out of the bald head of a thirty-three-year-old prodigy named Mavor Moore

By PIERRE BERTON

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

AMONG the fading Victorian mansions of Jarvis Street in Toronto, there is a grey shingle barn of a building which once housed new immigrants to Canada. And here, one March afternoon this year, the casual visitor might have encountered a chaotic scene. In a space not much larger than an oversize living room six performers, sweating under the glare of eighteen thousand watts of incandescent light, were going through a complicated twenty-minute routine of dancing, singing, wise-cracking and grimacing that no audience will ever see.

Here, flanking a twisting mass of cables, were settings for seven scenes: a drawing room, an apartment window, two night clubs, a travel bureau, a South American balcony and a port-hole. Through these paper-thin façades, jammed around the walls like pictures at an art gallery,



Producer Moore, centre, discusses Patsy O'Day's make-up with Maynard Robinson. Patsy appeared in Len Peterson's play called *The Kind Landlady*.

probed the grey snouts of two television cameras moving silently on their rubber rollers.

Weaving in and out of the sets, ducking beneath the cameras and squirming around the tight little knot of perspiring men with earphones, three scantily clad girls in Latin costumes tripped in, did their bit and tripped out again. A woman in evening dress crawled on all fours in front of a camera, came up again, leaned against a papier-mâché pillar and began to sing, in a hoarse, bouncy voice: "I'm so-o lonesome . . . so very lonesome . . . yes, I'm the lonesomest gal in town." A man in a plaid jacket squeezed behind the porthole, produced a packet of cigarettes labeled "Old Molds," wreathed his face in an infectious grin and suddenly said: "Friends . . . don't be misled by the claims and doubletalk made by other cigarettes . . ."

Behind a glass partition more men with earphones were talking in the strange jargon of a new medium. ("Take your applause down . . . ready for dissolve to Number Two . . .") Altogether there were seventeen of them in the control booth and on the studio floor, all working at once to keep six performers in front of the camera. In the background were other members of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's new television department—set designers, make-up artists, carpenters, costumers, executives—all caught up by the ravenous appetite of the most complicated entertainment medium yet devised.

And on the sidelines, in a starched white shirt and bow tie, looking more like a scholar than an entertainer, stood an owl-like young man with horn-rimmed spectacles and hardly any hair, who will have as much to do as anyone with the shape of Canadian television to come.

If television in Canada is great, chief producer James Mavor Moore—along with his immediate bosses, program director Stuart Griffiths and Toronto television director Fergus Mutrie—will get the nation's accolade. On the other hand, if it is terrible, he will get the catcalls and rotten

apples. Moore is in charge of all English-language TV production stemming from Canada's first television studios soon to open in Montreal and Toronto. To anyone but a man of parts it might seem a crushing responsibility. But Moore has thus far managed to approach the frightening new monster with the same easy enthusiasm with which he has greeted the hundred and one other projects that have occupied most of his thirty-three years.

The demands that TV makes upon its servants are considerable and it is perhaps fortunate that Moore has the reputation of being what Griffiths, his puckish and brilliant immediate superior, calls "the poor man's Leonardo da Vinci." For it is undeniable that the new chief producer of CBC television has dabbled in the various arts to an astonishing degree.

Unlike radio, television needs a third dimension of sets and backdrops. Moore, if he has to, can design and paint them. He has been drawing and painting since childhood. TV requires words and music and Moore can give it both. He draws royalties from three published popular songs. TV requires dramatic experience and Moore has this by the bushel. He started his acting career at the age of five, played Falstaff at fifteen and Macbeth at sixteen, and his repertoire runs all the way from Hamlet to Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street. TV requires writing ability. Moore wrote poetry at seven and plays at ten and has written short stories, three-act dramas, radio documentaries, magazine articles, one short novel, several dozen revue sketches and a musical comedy.

Above all TV requires seasoned direction and production. Moore's talents are such that he has been offered top jobs in television and radio by both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has decided instead to cast his lot with Canadian television. Now he has become part of the prehistoric era of TV in Canada, an age which will undoubtedly be looked back on with the nostalgia now reserved

Moore, who began to compose music at the age of eight, once wrote a parody of a June-moon type song the listeners took seriously and to their hearts.

for the days of the silent movies and the crystal set.

But the prehistoric period is almost ended. Already, Moore and his colleagues are moving out of the grey rabbit warren which has housed TV in Toronto for two years, and into the square steel block of the new television building. The first programs are slated to begin this August, probably in time to cast part of the Canadian National Exhibition and almost certainly in time to catch the World's Series, if the razor-blade company which sponsors it can be persuaded that Canadians want to look, feel and be sharp. The Grey Cup football final and the hockey games will probably be telecast, too.

This remote control broadcasting, while it will provide the very marrow of early TV, poses less of a problem for chief producer Moore than the more complicated and expensive studio shows. Since January he and his colleagues have been testing studio television in all its forms and last March's twenty-minute variety show was one of a series of experimental "dry runs." The programs have varied all the way from a quiz program called *The Seven Lively Arts* to a psychological drama by playwright Len Peterson called *The Kind Landlady* in which the actors stepped out of their roles and discussed their own problems with a psychiatrist.

This experimentation is still going on and no one knows yet what the exact shape of TV will be in Canada. No auditions have yet been held for either writers or performers, though many are hammering at the gates. Moore spends much of his time warding them off. "I've got a girl does tricks with her eyes," one woman said, plucking at his sleeve. "She'll be a natural for TV." Moore gently explained that the CBC wasn't yet ready to interview performers. "Maybe I ought to take her to a doctor instead," the woman said dubiously.

Actually, Moore won't know until midsummer what specific programs will first go out on TV. "We have been experimenting so far with an open



ALL THESE MEN ARE MAVOR MOORE, ACTOR



Riel



Morell



Stephano



Gayev



Hamlet



Antonovich

George Bernard Shaw gave the name of Moore's grandfather, who was an atheist, to the Rev. James Mavor Morell in his play *Candida*. His Riel was

from the play by John Coulter; Stephano from *The Tempest*; Gayev from Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. He was Antonovich in the *Inspector General*.

mind," he said the other day, "and I think this open mind is a very important thing. It would be wrong for us to make up our minds too early about what programs we are going to do."

He made this statement during a television clinic held recently by Mayfair magazine. Moore has found that a good deal of the prodigious extracurricular activity in which he engages is now tied to television. He has been making speeches, giving radio talks and writing magazine articles about the new medium.

Nonetheless he still finds time for other interests. He is at present blocking out a stage version of his successful radio musical *The Best of All Possible Worlds*, based on Voltaire's *Candide*. He is researching material for a play about Sir John A. Macdonald. He is planning to do a musical comedy based on Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches*. Last month he spent his holidays directing and helping to write the New Play Society's annual musical review *Spring Thaw* which opened May 9 in Toronto for a minimum run of four weeks. Moore wrote some of the lyrics and scored the music. On May 24, while others head for summer cottages, Moore will chair a panel discussion at a United Nations conference on education for peace. He is vice-president of the Toronto branch of the UN association and chairman of its National Radio Committee. Somewhere along the line he may find time to paint a picture or so.

This great diversity of interests has been both an asset and a liability to Mavor Moore. Because he is always committed to do more than he has time for he is invariably late for appointments. When he was lecturing in drama at the Academy of Radio Arts, the director Lorne Greene advised the students not to bother arriving for Moore's nine-thirty period until ten to ten to avoid needless sitting around. The students, at year's end, made a movie lampooning their instructors. Moore was presented as a man dashing across Jarvis Street with a sign on his back reading, "Sorry, I'm late."

He could be maddening at rehearsals during the years when he acted in various CBC dramas. Moore is a man unable to sit about twiddling his thumbs. While waiting for his lines to come up he would busy himself making phone calls, working out crossword puzzles, reading magazines, designing costumes, drawing elaborate stage sets and even planning entire hypothetical productions of difficult plays. As a result, he was known to miss cues.

On the other hand, his colleagues have always appreciated his gusto and enthusiasm. "Mavor has a great glee in whatever he's doing," says Andrew Allen who has directed him in scores of radio plays. Allen considers him a consummate actor, especially in character parts. Moore played the title role in the thirty-two-week CBC adaptation of *Pickwick Papers* three years ago and did it so well that Allen says: "It became impossible, during the show, to think of Mavor as Mavor. You could think of him only as looking like Pickwick, so much so that when you suddenly realized it was Mavor out there, it actually came as a shock." Moore is one of the few actors whose friends cannot recognize him in radio character parts.

As an actor Moore is a fast study, and also, as he admits somewhat ruefully, "a fast forget." His most remarkable feat was learning the title role for *King Lear* in three days. This was one of the productions of the New Play Society, founded by his mother Dora Mavor Moore, and the whole show was got up in ten days flat. Moore attended the initial rehearsal then fell ill with laryngitis. He didn't appear again until the dress rehearsal, which he managed to croak his way through. Nonetheless, the show was a success.

Moore often forgets his lines on the stage—possibly because he has too many other things on his mind. Thus he has become an expert ad libber. He can ad lib in Old English and he can ad lib in iambic pentameter. During the cave scene in *Lear* he discovered that a stool on which he was supposed to sit was missing from its accustomed place. Without missing a beat of the Shakespearean cadence he

Continued on page 73

HOW A TELEVISION SHOW LOOKS IN THE STUDIO, ON THE SCREEN



Comedienne Mildred Moray changed her dress after the rehearsal (left) and before she played this scene in a trial performance.



Mildred goes to a travel agency for some holiday information. Johnny Linden plays this scene with the Canadian TV actress.



All they have to do is to take four steps to the right, with the camera right behind them, and they are in a South American night club.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS

What it's Like to be Forty

For one thing, Bob's stopped worrying if he should lick his kids — now he's worrying if he could lick them. And he's decided that the smartest thing to do is to forget he was ever twenty

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

I HAVE become an expert on what it's like to be forty. It happened to me this year, although, psychologically, I became forty one morning when I was thirty-seven. I was sitting in Childs reading the want ads from old habit and suddenly realized that there was only one job I could have applied for. It read: "Wanted: Truss Salesman, 40 to 55, with bicycle." The rest of the ads were for a bunch of other guys from 18 to 25. I became forty at that minute. The remaining three years were like those few minutes before the dentist opens his door and whispers: "Next." I couldn't really enjoy them.

Becoming forty was the dirtiest trick I've ever had played on me. It was something that happened to schoolteachers, aunts, elephants, character actors, fathers, streetcar motormen and people who dropped dead while shoveling snow. It had nothing to do with me. I was obviously twenty-seven and would stay that way. As a matter of fact, I did. What's changed is the character that peers out of the bathroom mirror at me when I shave. I've begun to realize that he looks exactly like an uncle of mine in Sarnia who has been forty all his life.

Not that I need a mirror to convince me something queer has been going on. Every now and then some teen-age girl tells me that I'm really very young-looking for my age and that I don't look anywhere near sixty. Another thing: I've begun to realize that all those middle-aged parties who pass me on the street are no longer the people my mother went to school with—they're the people I went to school with.

I can think of only one thing worse than being forty: being fifty. Or maybe sixty. After all, Walter Pitkin made himself famous by proving that people of forty weren't dead yet. As for that guff about life's golden afternoon, give me a nice bright morning any day. It's richer, fuller, more deeply satisfying. Life may begin at forty; the joker is you're forty just when it's beginning. It's like discovering there's a clunk in the rear end of a car you haven't had a chance to drive yet.

At forty a man's basal metabolism is slowing down and in about twenty years it will be sagging to about twenty-eight calories per hour per square metre of skin. His endocrine glands are stalling, his ears are thickening. His arteries are stiffening. His brain has started to lose weight and in another twenty-five years will have lost about one hundred grams. His life expectancy is only 29.3. He'll have to save \$1,108 a year and let it accumulate at compound interest until he's sixty-five to give himself \$79.91 a month income, which he'll only collect for 4.3 years. That's if he saves \$1,108 a year, or about \$1,128 a year more than I've ever saved.

His life is four sevenths over and he can't do

anything about it because it's fixed by the relationship of his body weight, less bones and tendons, to the weight of his brain, which is expressed in a quaint little bit of contemporary folklore: cephalization factor equals brain weight divided by body weight to a power of 0.666. The only consolation is that his index is 2.7 whereas a mouse is only .045. He has to pay thirty-three dollars a year for an insurance policy that would cost him nineteen dollars if he was twenty. In spite of all this he will have to wait another thirty years to get an old-age pension; twenty-five if he's desperate.

Marriage clinics keep telling him to be careful; Kinsey didn't even bother interviewing him. If he goes in for a suit, the tailor automatically turns to a chart labeled Young Man, followed by a trade term, in smaller print, Regular, which means, "Give this guy lots of cloth around the middle." He reads about athletes younger than he is talking of retiring. Books on setting-up exercises have special sections for him so he won't unravel or split something up the back, and a special branch of the Department of Veterans Affairs has been set up to try to talk companies into believing that he still has his wits about him.

The annoying part of all this, speaking for myself, is that the only changes that have taken place in me since I was twenty are in my skin, which I rarely think of anyway. I have all the standard equipment of emotions, feelings, likes and dislikes that I started with. I have exactly the same feeling when a cop parks his motorcycle and walks across the street toward me as I used to have when the teacher gave a short ring on his bell, pointed the handle at me and said: "You, there—that boy—you with the spitball." There's no difference in the feeling I have after the cop has walked away, either. I still spend the rest of the day imagining myself cleaning my nails and humming while he boils in oil. When I have a bath I still pretend the soap is a boat; I still like looking at porcupines and still think that building with all the animals in it is the best one at the Canadian National Exhibition. I often chuckle over the time I was twelve and I stood third in my class when everybody, including the teacher, had said I was a moron. In fact I've been the same guy for forty years, and suddenly finding that I'm getting older is like coming out of a movie about a South Seas island and finding that it has been raining outside and turning to sleet.

I'm still waiting for the time when I'll begin to feel as if I'm forty. I haven't noticed it yet. I'm beginning to think that people of forty who like to sit around the fire squeezing a dog's ears, reading the paper and smoking a pipe are the people who wanted to do that sort of thing when they were eighteen, but didn't have a pipe, a fire,

a dog or a house. I have just as many ideas as when I was twenty. Men of forty give me dirty looks because I won't sit still, and guys of twenty wonder what can make an old man so fidgety.

The only real change I've noticed is that I've changed my mind about a few things and rearranged my feelings accordingly. When I was twenty, if I started to work in a new office, I'd find that six guys gripped my hand, called me by my first name and invited me to join the bowling team; that the other six seemed to wish I'd drop dead. I'd worry about why I wasn't popular with the whole twelve. The thirteenth one, a quiet guy with glasses, I wouldn't even speak to until I'd tripped over his feet or something. Now today, if I found that six people didn't like me, I'd note it about the same way as I'd note that I needed a new pair of socks, knowing that in six months they'd all have turned into fine guys, while the ones who had given me the personality treatment would be going around singing Bluebird of Happiness, saying that magazine covers by Norman Rockwell were true to life, that a dog was a man's best friend, and trying to get me fired. And I'd make a point of getting to know the thirteenth guy, who would probably be the only one with anything on the ball.

I still have my pride, but it isn't the same inconvenience it used to be. It's reserved for more basic values. After being pushed around so long by cops, women with parcels and guys with deep voices and no problems, it has developed a self-protective outer coating something like an old corn I've been trying to get rid of since I was sixteen. If I feel that someone is laughing at me, instead of worrying about it for a month and applying for a correspondence course in muscle building, I blink at them in mild interest and continue on my way, the wet night wind flapping my pant legs, as I make for the library or some other institution that has withstood a good deal of opinion itself.

But all this is just making new use of the old faculties. The currency is just the same, but the commodities have been repriced. I can still feel the way I did when I walked home with the best-looking girl in the class, but now I would get something the same feeling from finding that I'd overpaid my income tax. When I was twelve I used to worry about what my father would say when I came home an hour late. Now I go around saying things like, "Uh, say, ever hear of a thing called cephalization factor?" I used to terrify myself by imagining somebody in a white sheet sneaking up the back stairs. Now I go to a football game, see some guy of twenty get tackled in front of me and imagine it being me. Anybody tackled me like that I'd have nurses tiptoeing around me

for a month. My bones ache for half an hour just thinking of it.

This shifting sense of values has its dangers. I've often found myself, from sheer habit, throwing baseballs at the same old wooden milk bottles when I've long since lost interest in the kewpie dolls. Not long ago when I was having a particularly tough time with writing I suddenly realized that my original incentive for becoming a writer, formed when I was seventeen, had disappeared—that writers rarely got rich, attracted beautiful women, owned yachts, scribbled off best sellers between doing things like climbing Mount Everest and shooting tigers. Not only that, I realized I no longer wanted to do any of those things, except, perhaps, attract beautiful women, a hope I'd abandoned about the time I'd discovered that travel, although fun, is not a basic experience, that I'm terrified of water and heights, and that if a cat happens to rub against my leg in the dark I scream like a girl on a roller-coaster. At that I was lucky. I found I still wanted to write, but for the different reason that I could sleep till noon if I didn't mind working till three the next morning, that I could avoid being a salesman and having to listen to convention speeches on themes like: Plenty to do in '52.

There are other things about being forty, little things of no particular significance. I'm more

inclined to forget about my appearance and to go around with just the minimum number of buttons done up required by law. My wife doesn't show me off with pride now: she tucks my tie in and explains I've been working all day. Instead of trying to surprise people with things about myself I cling to the few friends who have known me so long that nothing surprises them any more. I sometimes have difficulty remembering the size of my shirts, my license number and the names of people who have just been introduced to me, and if I try to study something, like chemistry, I find myself sitting there leaning against the first paragraph and falling asleep.

More and more often I find myself frozen with a smile on my face halfway through a story that I just remembered I've been telling since I wore my first pair of long pants.

I've become much more conscious of time and realize that, at forty, a lot of men have done things like master higher mathematics or get knighted for their performance of Hamlet whereas all I've done is get a car that I have to make bigger payments on, and wear out a lot of pairs of shoes.

At twenty I felt that forty was as far ahead of me as the time I was born was behind me. But at forty I think of sixty as being only as far ahead of me as the time I decided to start learning French

and Latin is behind me—and I can still only say "I eat the window" and "I terrify." At twenty I couldn't believe I'd ever be forty, at forty I can't believe I'm not still twenty.

At twenty I looked at people of sixty as if they had passed on. At forty I find myself wishing they'd get a little farther ahead so I won't trip over them. I notice my kids are growing about two inches a day and I've stopped wondering whether I should lick them and have started to wonder whether I could lick them. When I try to terrify them into obedience I catch that look in their eye that I used to get in mine when an old character named Mr. Green used to catch me ringing his doorbell, start after me, trip on the bottom step and land with an earthy oath among the prize geraniums.

But, on the whole, being forty is about like being twenty with somebody else's body. The only thing to be said for it is that you get used to it, and that it takes till you're forty to learn that you didn't know much when you were twenty—but then you didn't need to. The most important bit of wisdom you pick up by the time you're forty is to forget you were once twenty.

On the other hand, you've learned to appreciate what you've got, which isn't much. And maybe that's a lot better than being twenty and not appreciating anything. ★



The middle-aged parties on the street were no longer the people his mother went to school with — they were the parents to whom he, in turn, was a son.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS

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ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

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Becoming forty was the dirtiest trick I've ever had played on me. It was something that happened to schoolteachers, aunts, elephants, character actors, fathers, streetcar motormen and people who dropped dead while shoveling snow. It had nothing to do with me. I was obviously twenty-seven and would stay that way. As a matter of fact, I did. What's changed is the character that peers out of the bathroom mirror at me when I shave. I've begun to realize that he looks exactly like an uncle of mine in Sarnia who has been forty all his life.

Not that I need a mirror to convince me something queer has been going on. Every now and then some teen-age girl tells me that I'm really very young-looking for my age and that I don't look anywhere near sixty. Another thing: I've begun to realize that all those middle-aged parties who pass me on the street are no longer the people my mother went to school with—they're the people I went to school with.

I can think of only one thing worse than being forty: being fifty. Or maybe sixty. After all, Walter Pitkin made himself famous by proving that people of forty weren't dead yet. As for that gulf about life's golden afternoon, give me a nice bright morning any day. It's richer, fuller, more deeply satisfying. Life may begin at forty; the joker is you're forty just when it's beginning. It's like discovering there's a clunk in the rear end of a car you haven't had a chance to drive yet.

At forty a man's basal metabolism is slowing down and in about twenty years it will be sagging to about twenty-eight calories per hour per square metre of skin. His endocrine glands are stalling, his ears are thickening. His arteries are stiffening. His brain has started to lose weight and in another twenty-five years will have lost about one hundred grams. His life expectancy is only 29.3. He'll have to save \$1,108 a year and let it accumulate at compound interest until he's sixty-five to give himself \$79.91 a month income, which he'll only collect for 4.3 years. That's if he saves \$1,108 a year, or about \$1,128 a year more than I've ever saved.

His life is four sevenths over and he can't do

anything about it because it's fixed by the relationship of his body weight, less bones and tendons, to the weight of his brain, which is expressed in a quaint little bit of contemporary folklore: cephalization factor equals brain weight divided by body weight to a power of 0.666. The only consolation is that his index is 2.7 whereas a mouse is only .045. He has to pay thirty-three dollars a year for an insurance policy that would cost him nineteen dollars if he was twenty. In spite of all this he will have to wait another thirty years to get an old-age pension; twenty-five if he's desperate.

Marriage clinics keep telling him to be careful; Kinsey didn't even bother interviewing him. If he goes in for a suit, the tailor automatically turns to a chart labeled Young Man, followed by a trade term, in smaller print, Regular, which means, "Give this guy lots of cloth around the middle." He reads about athletes younger than he is talking of retiring. Books on setting-up exercises have special sections for him so he won't unravel or split something up the back, and a special branch of the Department of Veterans Affairs has been set up to try to talk companies into believing that he still has his wits about him.

The annoying part of all this, speaking for myself, is that the only changes that have taken place in me since I was twenty are in my skin, which I rarely think of anyway. I have all the standard equipment of emotions, feelings, likes and dislikes that I started with. I have exactly the same feeling when a cop parks his motorcycle and walks across the street toward me as I used to have when the teacher gave a short ring on his bell, pointed the handle at me and said: "You, there—that boy—you with the spitball." There's no difference in the feeling I have after the cop has walked away, either. I still spend the rest of the day imagining myself cleaning my nails and humming while he boils in oil. When I have a bath I still pretend the soap is a boat; I still like looking at porcupines and still think that building with all the animals in it is the best one at the Canadian National Exhibition. I often chuckle over the time I was twelve and I stood third in my class when everybody, including the teacher, had said I was a moron. In fact I've been the same guy for forty years, and suddenly finding that I'm getting older is like coming out of a movie about a South Seas island and finding that it has been raining outside and turning to sleet.

I'm still waiting for the time when I'll begin to feel as if I'm forty. I haven't noticed it yet. I'm beginning to think that people of forty who like to sit around the fire squeezing a dog's ears, reading the paper and smoking a pipe are the people who wanted to do that sort of thing when they were eighteen, but didn't have a pipe, a fire,

a dog or a house. I have just as many ideas as when I was twenty. Men of forty give me dirty looks because I won't sit still, and guys of twenty wonder what can make an old man so fidgety.

The only real change I've noticed is that I've changed my mind about a few things and rearranged my feelings accordingly. When I was twenty, if I started to work in a new office, I'd find that six guys gripped my hand, called me by my first name and invited me to join the bowling team; that the other six seemed to wish I'd drop dead. I'd worry about why I wasn't popular with the whole twelve. The thirteenth one, a quiet guy with glasses, I wouldn't even speak to until I'd tripped over his feet or something. Now today, if I found that six people didn't like me, I'd note it about the same way as I'd note that I needed a new pair of socks, knowing that in six months they'd all have turned into fine guys, while the ones who had given me the personality treatment would be going around singing *Bluebird of Happiness*, saying that magazine covers by Norman Rockwell were true to life, that a dog was a man's best friend, and trying to get me fired. And I'd make a point of getting to know the thirteenth guy, who would probably be the only one with anything on the ball.

I still have my pride, but it isn't the same inconvenience it used to be. It's reserved for more basic values. After being pushed around so long by cops, women with parcels and guys with deep voices and no problems, it has developed a self-protective outer coating something like an old corn I've been trying to get rid of since I was sixteen. If I feel that someone is laughing at me, instead of worrying about it for a month and applying for a correspondence course in muscle building, I blink at them in mild interest and continue on my way, the wet night wind flapping my pant legs, as I make for the library or some other institution that has withstood a good deal of opinion itself.

But all this is just making new use of the old faculties. The currency is just the same, but the commodities have been repriced. I can still feel the way I did when I walked home with the best-looking girl in the class, but now I would get something the same feeling from finding that I'd overpaid my income tax. When I was twelve I used to worry about what my father would say when I came home an hour late. Now I go around saying things like, "Uh, say, ever hear of a thing called cephalization factor?" I used to terrify myself by imagining somebody in a white sheet sneaking up the back stairs. Now I go to a football game, see some guy of twenty get tackled in front of me and imagine it being me. Anybody tackled me like that I'd have nurses tiptoeing around me

for a month. My bones ache for half an hour just thinking of it.

This shifting sense of values has its dangers. I've often found myself, from sheer habit, throwing baseballs at the same old wooden milk bottles when I've long since lost interest in the kewpie dolls. Not long ago when I was having a particularly tough time with writing I suddenly realized that my original incentive for becoming a writer, formed when I was seventeen, had disappeared—that writers rarely got rich, attracted beautiful women, owned yachts, scribbled off best sellers between doing things like climbing Mount Everest and shooting tigers. Not only that, I realized I no longer wanted to do any of those things, except, perhaps, attract beautiful women, a hope I'd abandoned about the time I'd discovered that travel, although fun, is not a basic experience, that I'm terrified of water and heights, and that if a cat happens to rub against my leg in the dark I scream like a girl on a roller-coaster. At that I was lucky. I found I still wanted to write, but for the different reason that I could sleep till noon if I didn't mind working till three the next morning, that I could avoid being a salesman and having to listen to convention speeches on themes like: Plenty to do in '52.

There are other things about being forty, little things of no particular significance. I'm more

inclined to forget about my appearance and to go around with just the minimum number of buttons done up required by law. My wife doesn't show me off with pride now: she tucks my tie in and explains I've been working all day. Instead of trying to surprise people with things about myself I cling to the few friends who have known me so long that nothing surprises them any more. I sometimes have difficulty remembering the size of my shirts, my license number and the names of people who have just been introduced to me, and if I try to study something, like chemistry, I find myself sitting there leaning against the first paragraph and falling asleep.

More and more often I find myself frozen with a smile on my face halfway through a story that I just remembered I've been telling since I wore my first pair of long pants.

I've become much more conscious of time and realize that, at forty, a lot of men have done things like master higher mathematics or get knighted for their performance of Hamlet whereas all I've done is get a car that I have to make bigger payments on, and wear out a lot of pairs of shoes.

At twenty I felt that forty was as far ahead of me as the time I was born was behind me. But at forty I think of sixty as being only as far ahead of me as the time I decided to start learning French

and Latin is behind me—and I can still only say "I eat the window" and "I terrify." At twenty I couldn't believe I'd ever be forty, at forty I can't believe I'm not still twenty.

At twenty I looked at people of sixty as if they had passed on. At forty I find myself wishing they'd get a little farther ahead so I won't trip over them. I notice my kids are growing about two inches a day and I've stopped wondering whether I should lick them and have started to wonder whether I could lick them. When I try to terrify them into obedience I catch that look in their eye that I used to get in mine when an old character named Mr. Green used to catch me ringing his doorbell, start after me, trip on the bottom step and land with an earthy oath among his prize geraniums.

But, on the whole, being forty is about like being twenty with somebody else's body. The only thing to be said for it is that you get used to it, and that it takes till you're forty to learn that you didn't know much when you were twenty—but then you didn't need to. The most important bit of wisdom you pick up by the time you're forty is to forget you were once twenty.

On the other hand, you've learned to appreciate what you've got, which isn't much. And maybe that's a lot better than being twenty and not appreciating anything. *



The middle-aged parties on the street were no longer the people his mother went to school with — they were the people he went to school with.

The Nightmare Convoy of the Atlantic

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

This is the blow-by-blow story of ONS 154—the hardest-hit convoy ever escorted by the Canadian Navy. In five tragic days at the close of 1942 fourteen ships fell victim to the U-boat wolf pack while the little ships of the RCN fought every yard to write a new stark chapter into naval history

By JACK McNAUGHT

PAINTING FOR MACLEAN'S BY LIEUT.-COMDR. ANTHONY LAW, DSC, RCN



Commander Guy Windeyer, RCN

AT NOON on Dec. 28, 1942, the captain of the Canadian destroyer St. Laurent, then nine days out from Britain and bound for North America, looked thoughtfully at the grey Atlantic, the pale sky and the long plodding columns of merchant ships in convoy a mile or so astern. Then he left the bridge, went down to the crowded mess deck, and made a speech to his men.

"You joined the Navy for a reason," he said, "and that reason has arrived. The subs are gathering around us now and tonight there will be ten to fifteen of them. The going will be rough but I know you are up to it. After all, we don't all expect to be old men."

In these words stocky spade-bearded Lieut.-Comdr. Guy Windeyer, RCN, broke the news that, bad as the run had been so far, it was about to become tragically worse. And five days later, when Slow Convoy No. ONS 154 at last won through to the other side, fourteen of its forty-six ships had been sunk, more than one hundred merchant seamen had died, and it had made bitter history as the hardest-hit convoy ever escorted by the Canadian Navy in the Battle of the Atlantic.

The story of ONS 154, a closely guarded wartime secret, begins on Dec. 19, 1942. At nine that morning the destroyer St. Laurent and two corvettes, Chilliwack and Battleford, sailed seaward down the narrow twisting River Foyle from the naval base at Londonderry, Northern Ireland. The three other corvettes of the all-Canadian escort group, Napanee, Kenogami and Shediac, had been in England having a new type of radar installed, and they joined at the mouth of the river. HMS Burwell, a destroyer of the Royal Navy which was also to have joined, broke down at the last minute and had to stay behind.

Even with two destroyers the escort would have been barely up to strength, and Burwell's failure was disastrous. But when he learned of it Windeyer, who as senior officer of the group was chiefly responsible for the safety of the convoy, simply said, "That isn't too good," and went on trying to light his rain-wet cigarette. And ONS 154 put to sea—forty-four merchantmen, one rescue ship, one

special service ship and the six fighting escorts.

Toward dawn on Dec. 20 a signal from Admiralty came in saying that ninety to a hundred U-boats were estimated to be at sea in the Atlantic. And for the next two days the wind rose slowly and steadily, blowing from dead ahead and holding the convoy down to the pace of a man walking (it wasn't much more than that at its scheduled best, a scant eight land miles an hour). At midnight on Dec. 22 the wind had become a gale and it went on rising until sunset on Christmas Eve.

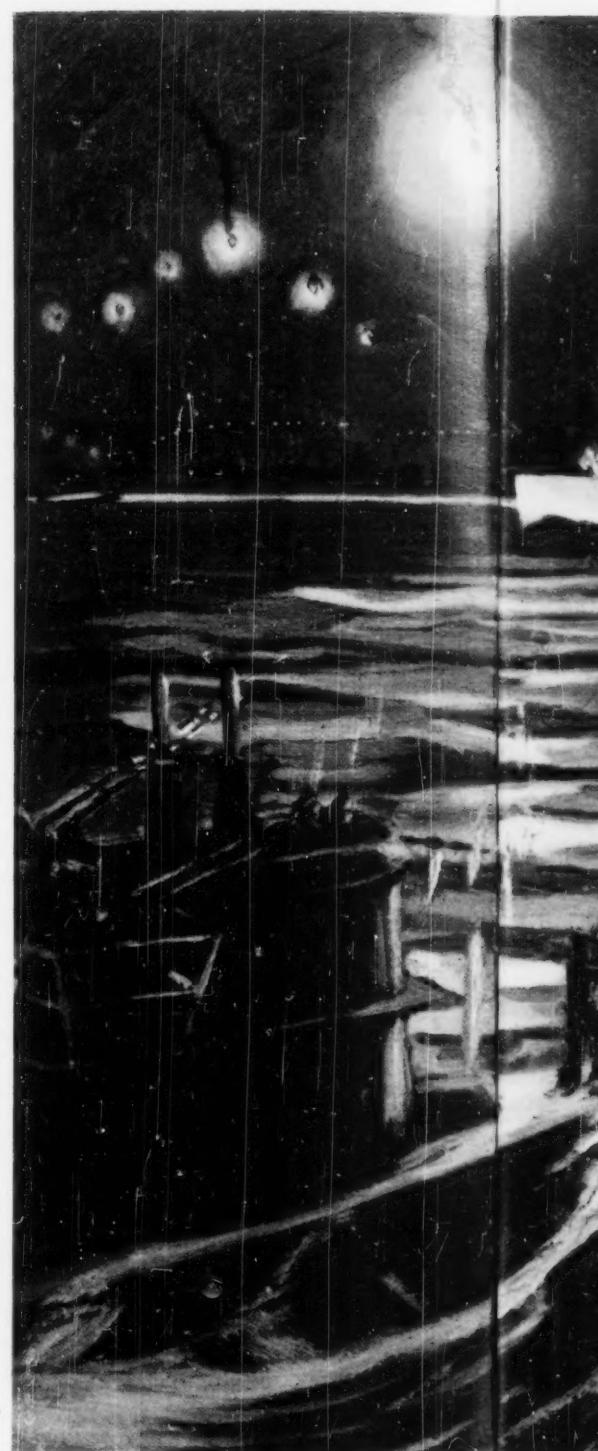
Nothing bad happened that night and Christmas day dawned on a sullen but submarine-free sea. The wind had now died to a soft, curiously greasy breeze; yet its violence had left a strong ground swell running which was to play a sinister part in the hard time ahead. Because four days of struggling through the storm had used a great deal of the escort's limited fuel more oil would have to be taken on at once.

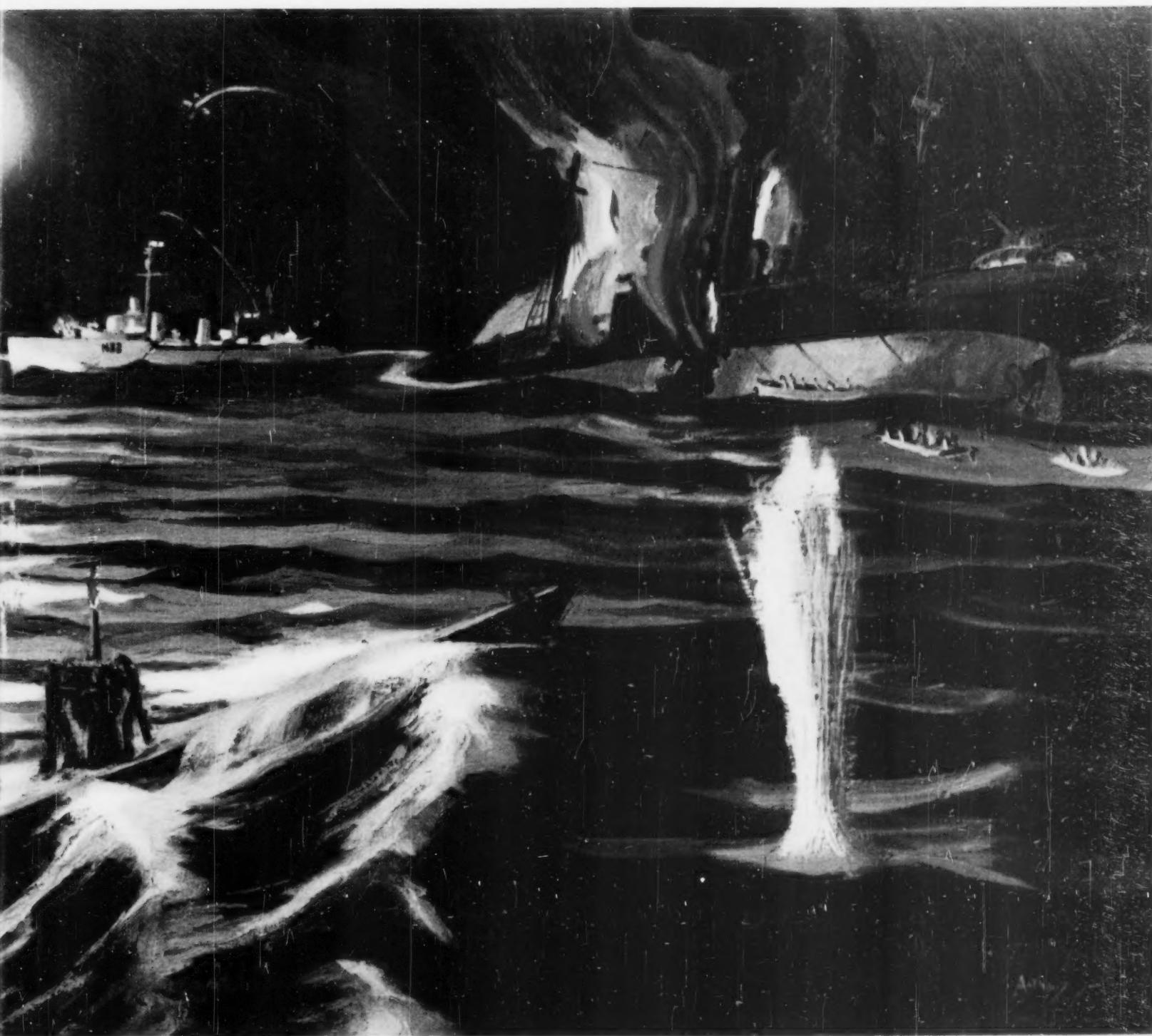
There were two tankers in ONS 154—the

American E. G. Seuber and the British Scottish Heather. At that stage of the war Canadian escorts had not had much practice in fueling at sea (later the operation was standardized and became relatively simple) and transferring oil from tanker to warship by pumping it through a heaving jerking six-inch hose was a formidable task.

The destroyer, as the only ship of the group fast enough to overtake a U-boat running on the surface and therefore tactically the most important, ordered Scottish Heather to drop behind clear of the convoy and made the first try. All day long lines were heaved from St. Laurent's bow to the tanker so wire cables could be passed to hold the ships at a steady distance from each other during the actual fueling. And all day long the lines snapped, one by one in maddening sequence, as tanker and destroyer slid down the steep ground swells and pulled convulsively apart.

Toward dusk, just when the sweating seamen had managed for the first time to make cables





The northern sea was bright with star shells, tracer and torpedo hits as the German subs closed in for the kill.

fast and oiling could have begun, a steeper swell than ever rolled by. Whereupon St. Laurent's officer of the watch made a brief entry in the deck log: "Attempts at oiling failed. Towing wires and hose parted." And her medical officer wrote in his diary, "It was a hell of a way to spend Christmas," adding a heartfelt two-word comment on the destroyer's Christmas dinner—"Shepherd's pie!"

Besides the frustration of not getting fuel, and the dismal substitute for turkey and fixings, the day brought a further unfestive note. An afternoon wireless message from Admiralty warned the convoy that a number of U-boats were within one hundred miles of its position.

That made it more urgently necessary than ever to refuel and next morning, the 26th, St. Laurent ordered Scottish Heather to drop astern once more and tried again. Just before the second attempt a large sewer-pipe-shaped aircraft flew up and circled the convoy, safely out of gunshot range.

Although nobody was able to identify it positively it seemed pretty certain to be a Nazi and a signal was made to the convoy to keep alert. However, as the strange plane merely flew round and round awhile and went away, oiling proceeded as if it hadn't been there at all. And this time St. Laurent took on a hundred tons before the hose broke—enough to let her stay with the convoy the rest of the way across to Newfoundland with any luck.

But the luck of ONS 154, such as it was, had already begun to run out.

At 2.30 that afternoon a Coastal Command aircraft unsuccessfully attacked a U-boat twenty-two miles astern of the convoy. It was fully surfaced and overhauling the convoy at twice the speed of the slow merchant ships. And soon before dark another signal from Admiralty warned that even more U-boats were now closing in on the lumbering freighters.

This confirmed what the senior officer of the escort already knew. St. Laurent and the rescue

ship Toward, a small shabby-looking vessel whose duty was to pick up survivors after a torpedoing, were fitted with a special radar device for tracing enemy submarines. In the destroyer this apparatus was housed in a sort of steel hut abaft the torpedo tubes, connected with the bridge by a telephone which, instead of ringing a bell, gave a sudden ghastly howl like a mad dog being strangled. Throughout the day of the 26th the bridge phone howled almost incessantly as the operators in the hut reported U-boat after U-boat, many of them apparently within fifty miles and none farther than a hundred and fifty miles away. These reports, and a stream of similar ones passed from the rescue ship by signal lamp, told their own story of trouble ahead. It wasn't long coming.

About nine o'clock that night the corvette Shediac, commanded by Lieut. John E. Clayton, RCNR, and stationed on the left and a little ahead of the convoy, got a suspicious blip on her radar and went off to *Continued on page 42*

FOUR LADS ON A LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

This quartet of Toronto choirboys say a prayer each night before they prance out into the spotlight of a big-time career keynoted by the delighted shrieks of thousands of fans no older than themselves

By ERIC HUTTON

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT



Left to right: Jimmy Arnold, Connie Codarini, Frankie Busseri and Bernie Toorish pictured backstage on their triumphant return to their home town.

AT TEN past ten every night, when most good choirboys say their prayers and go to bed, Connie Codarini, Bernie Toorish, Jimmy Arnold and Frank Busseri say their prayers—and go to work.

This consists of trotting onto a night-club stage under the name of the Four Lads, a quartet esteemed just this side of adulation by, seemingly, all North American teen-agers and a sizeable percentage of adult devotees of hot singing.

"When you pray backstage in a night club you're going to take a kidding from some of those characters," said Codarini. "But I don't think we could sing otherwise. Monsignor Ronan made it part of our natures to pray before singing."

To that extent, and to the extent of their deep gratitude for hard-learned lessons in harmony, counterpoint and solfeggio gained at that unique, exacting academy of music known as St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School, the Four Lads are still Toronto choirboys. But in other respects they have come a long way. A long way, for example, from that night not so long ago when they touched the first pinnacle of their professional career: "twenty bucks all in cash" for singing at a dance in a Toronto community hall.

Today their names are on half a dozen records

playing follow-the-leader on juke boxes and disc-jockey hit parades across the continent. They have survived the heady experience of being besieged in a theatre for three days running by overwrought bobbysoxers ("We nearly starved to death until we hit on the idea of tossing autographed photos out a window so that one of us could sneak out for coffee and sandwiches during the scramble"). Their personal-appearance bookings stretch into what amounts to perpetuity in show business. They are part of a package under General Artists Corporation management, with Johnnie Ray, the tearful tenor, and Billy May's orchestra, which has been booked for months ahead into theatres from Montreal and Toronto to Atlantic City, Baltimore and way points like New York. The price of this package is a road-record twelve thousand dollars a week plus five to ten percent of gross admissions. The Four Lads' share of this bonanza is a business secret, but in their own words, "We're still wondering what hit us."

Whatever it was that hit them, I am able to report that it seems to have done them no injury. Recently the Four Lads were appearing in Cleveland and I drove down to see them. Their tracks were clearly visible all the way from Toronto. At every coffee pause through Ontario, New York State, Pennsylvania and Ohio they were available at the drop of a nickel in the slot with one or both of their recordings issued to date, *Turn Back and Tired of Loving You*. In addition they played supporting choral roles in four ever-present works by Johnnie Ray: *Cry*, *Little White Cloud That Cried*, *Brokenhearted* and *Please Mister Sun*.

In an Erie, Pa., soda shoppe I asked the counter-man if the Four Lads were popular with his customers. He paled and glanced at the clock. "Wait," he groaned, "wait only half an hour until school's out and those mushy kids pile in here."

It turned out to be easier to hear the Four Lads than to talk to them. The St. Regis Hotel switchboard operator admitted cautiously that they were in their suite but added that they weren't accepting calls. "And you couldn't talk to them now anyway," she added triumphantly. "Every Tuesday night they talk to their parents in Toronto right up to the time they leave for the club. They're on long distance now."

During the hour or so in which the boys visited their parents via telephone, their records turned up twice on disc-jockey shows over my hotel radio. One program played *Turn Back* after introducing the singers as "the Canadian foursome who are going places in a big way."

All in all, the Four Lads had received quite a build-up before I first saw them at Main Street, a Cleveland night club. Main Street is part of what appears to be a new trend in the United States entertainment world—the "platter circuit." Its dim lighting, cover charge, upper-medium prices, oval bar, check tablecloths and small stage are all conventional enough. But for entertainment Main Street books only recording artists, two or three men, women or groups whose voices are currently heard on popular records.

This policy means that the performer brings along a certain built-in fame which attracts customers. On his part the artist can plug his records to receptive listeners who are presumed to patronize night clubs one night a week and spend their other evenings at home playing records. This neat arrangement, unfortunately, does not cover teenagers, who do not attend night clubs but who are estimated to buy, or influence the buying of, seventy-five percent of all popular records sold. To reach this lush juvenile market smart recorders like the Four Lads take other measures.

The first two acts were enthusiastically enough received, but it was plain that the customers were waiting for the stars—the Four Lads. Applause drowned out even their introduction by the master of ceremonies, swelled higher as the Toronto boys trotted onstage.

The most striking thing about the Four Lads to an observer is not so much their extreme youth—they are the youngest quartet (average age: twenty) currently operating in the big time; not their obvious competence with a song, their rapidly



Teen-age fans demanding autographs mob their idols at the stage door of Toronto's Casino.

acquired smoothness onstage, or even their jaunty plaid mess jackets which have become their trademark. It is the complete "difference" of their personal appearances. In this day when the quartet has become one of the most prevalent units in entertainment, the audience has come to think of quartets as four well-groomed young men who might easily be quadruplets. In everything but their harmonizing the Four Lads are distinct individuals.

Frank Busseri, nineteen, baritone, who usually leads the quartet into a song, is stocky, with a Joe E. Brown mouth, small eyes that glint with fun and short expressive arms which serve as double conductor's batons.

Bernie Toorish, twenty-one, lead tenor, is the "Joe College" of the quartet on the stage and privately the only one who worries. "But that's because he's our composer and arranger," the others say, "and his moods don't last long."

Toorish is a tall Irish boy with dark-blond curly hair.

Codarini, twenty-two, with Latin good looks, is the bass and the announcer, likewise the spokesman who handles ringside repartee from the customers who may be feeling their oats toward the end of the evening. Connie says, "When the customers heckle us it shows they know we're there, anyway."

Jimmy Arnold, twenty, is described by his former choir instructor, Monsignor J. E. Ronan, as "one of the finest high tenors I have ever heard." Jimmy is lath slim, quiet and utterly relaxed.

After their performance—the orchestra had to drown out the sixth encore to prevent the first show running into the second—the lads recovered their breath, drank coffee ("We don't drink anything stronger, and we watch our smoking,") and talked.

"What we've

Continued on page 68

Back at the school with their teacher, Mgr. Ronan, the Lads sing for students of St. Michael's.



The Ordeal of Seretse AND HIS White Queen Ruth

ON A HOT August afternoon in 1950 two thousand women of the Bamangwato, a tribe of cattle ranchers who live in the British protectorate of Bechuanaland on the northern border of South Africa, gathered to sing a song especially written for that day:

When the chief comes back we will be waiting for him;
Seretse has his dogs and his dogs are the Bamangwato people;
Our queen will come again with the rains and all will be well.

Nineteen months later the hopeful, haunting prophecy of the Bamangwato women engaged the full and embittered attention of the British House of Commons and was pronounced false, 308 votes to 286. By this majority the Commons decreed that Seretse Khama and his white wife Ruth, who had been banished temporarily from Seretse's native land for the political indiscretion of their mixed marriage, were now banished finally and forever. In the three-hour debate that preceded the vote it was made clear that Seretse and Ruth would not be permitted to return to Bechuanaland either as rulers or as ordinary members of Seretse's tribe.

Few decisions of any British government have been made amid such tortured stirrings of the nation's conscience or such wild contortions among its politicians. Ever since Sept. 29, 1948, when Seretse, then a twenty-seven-year-old law student at Oxford, married Ruth Williams in London's Kensington Registry Office and announced his intention of taking her to his home in Africa, the average Englishman's attitude toward them has

By MCKENZIE PORTER



The palace in Serowe, Bechuanaland, where a London typist lived as "the rain queen."

been similar to the attitude of the average Bamangwato: a mixture of surprise and protective good will, followed by the overriding conviction that what they had done was their own affair. The Times spoke for most Britons when it called the nation's treatment of the celebrated DP's "melancholy and distressing."

The politicians' reaction, conditioned by a rising ferment of race trouble in South Africa, was much less simple. The Labour Party, which was in power at the time of their marriage, permitted Seretse

and Ruth to make a brief visit to Africa, but later brought them back to London, put Seretse on a sixty-dollar-a-week pension and ordered them to stay away from Seretse's tribal home for at least five years, at the end of which time a review of the case was promised. The Conservative Party, which was then in Opposition, denounced this edict roundly. Winston Churchill himself called it a "disreputable transaction." But by last March, when the Conservatives were back in power and Labour was out of power, the position of each party had undergone a startling change. The Tories voted en masse to make Seretse's exile permanent. Labour voted en masse to leave the question of his ultimate future open. Churchill said nothing during the debate. Patrick Gordon Walker, who as Labour's Undersecretary of State for Commonwealth Affairs had defended the original ban from the government benches, now rose from the Opposition benches and denounced the extension of the ban as an "unholy mess" whose "net result is that the tribe is getting the complete and total opposite of what they want and have constantly made clear that they want."

These confusing gyrations of policy had a relatively uncomplicated explanation. Neither party, while in power, dared to court the wrath of Daniel Malan, the fiercely race-conscious premier of South Africa. Mixed marriages are prohibited in South Africa and although the British Cabinet denies that Malan's Government has made any formal representations about the marriage of Seretse and Ruth, a number of South African newspapers have made it clear that the presence on South Africa's threshold of a white consort to a native chief would



On Seretse's return from London Ruth ran to him. She stayed home to bear a daughter.



Tshekedi Khama was Bamangwato regent in Seretse's youth. He opposed the marriage.



Seretse with daughter Jacqueline. He is a graduate of Oxford, likes Scotch and cars.

Seretse Khama guessed rightly that the one hundred thousand subjects of his African tribe would not object to his marriage to a blond English girl. But two more powerful governments did object and the Bamangwato chief lives in exile on sixty dollars a week



Ruth and Seretse say their love is now stronger. Many Britons still support his campaign for reinstatement and his tribe has never ceased to call him chief.

be tantamount to dangling a detonator over a mass of black human dynamite. Behind every move of two British governments there has been the unacknowledged fear that if the Khamas were permitted to take office as the royal family of the Bamangwato, Malan might find an excuse to annex Bechuanaland and withdraw South Africa from the Commonwealth.

Meanwhile Seretse still maintains that he is the ruler of the forty thousand square miles of plain and forest over which his family has ruled for three quarters of a century. He can only be deposed, he insists, by the hundred thousand members of his tribe and they have already voted overwhelmingly against his deposition. "So long as my people say they want me, I will not give up trying to go home," he says with the same quiet stubborn dignity that has characterized his long one-sided struggle to return to the protectorate with his wife and their two-year-old daughter. The government has offered him an administrative job in Jamaica which would pay him seven hundred and seventy pounds a year in addition to his special pension of a thousand pounds a year. Seretse says he has no

intention of accepting the job in the West Indies.

Recently the Khamas moved from their dingy flat in London to a cottage in Surrey. They found themselves among friendly and hospitable neighbors who, like all Englishmen who read the newspapers, already knew them well and found in them much to admire.

From the top of his round cropped head to the tips of his outsize shoes Seretse Khama personifies the Negro who has felt the fierce impact of Western civilization without losing his balance. His strong flat features suggest the primeval nobility of an African lion but his manners might have been developed in the Ritz. He still walks with the high-stepping catlike tread of a man used to ranging the bush in a loin cloth and bare feet. But his clothes are of the cut and stuff favored in Savile Row. When he laughs it is the rich liquid mirth of the true African. When he speaks he demonstrates the fluency of an educated European mind. He likes to squat on his haunches and eat a mush of boiled mealies with his simple black subjects. But he also likes a slug of Scotch, a subtle joke and a fast American car.

The wedding of the Khamas took place at Kensington Registry Office on Sept. 29, 1948, when he was twenty-seven and she twenty-five. The dusky groom had graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, and the white bride had come from a stratum of London society rarely represented at that august and exclusive seat of learning.

Ruth Williams, a comely buxom green-eyed blonde, a former wartime corporal in the WAAF, later a bookkeeper for Lloyds of London, is the daughter of a Cockney tea salesman who lives in the crowded middle-class suburb of Lewisham.

The Press treated their marriage as front-page news. Here, flouting all the dangers he knew to be implicit in miscegenation, was the scion of the ancient and illustrious House of Khama; the descendant of chiefs honored and privileged since the days of Victoria; a man educated as one in a million for paternal responsibilities within the well-tried framework of the most successful colonial policy on earth. And here, seeking to be an African queen, was an English working girl who had been reared to expect nothing more exotic than a semidetached house in one of London's

Continued on page 61

A MACLEAN'S BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE



The arrogant young captain
from the New World,
the blustering Barnaby
whose pride was stung,
and the last of the freebooting pirates
— all their lives were woven
into the web of bloody intrigue
around the

LADY I



By PAT E. O'NEILL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

SHIP CAPTAINS, by and large, are as vain as cock pheasants and when some of them are ashore they are likely to assume that their footspace on the street cobbles are planks of their own quarterdeck. Take this Captain Audel, for instance, a Yankee whose three-master was being fitted at Gravesend, almost ready for the Boston-Liverpool trade. He was both young and foreign and, because of his ship-waiting, restless as a maggot and petulant as a prince. It is the way of foreigners to become blustery and hard when on a strange shore. Had Barnaby not crumpled him, the young pinchface would have made him a cabin boy in his own tavern. As for Barnaby's London reputation, it had not come to the ears of Captain John Audel.

In Barnaby's tavern there had been no memory of a shipmaster who did not accord its proprietor deference. For one thing, Barnaby had the look of a sea lord. He was a great frigate of a man, small in nothing but the comical shortness of his lively muscular arms. And he was bald as the drumhead of a capstan, his smooth head canted back haughtily, like a clipper mast. His Sea Captain's Tavern had an air which resisted, with the snub of a dock piling, anything like a seafaring looby. There was no place in it for a noisy forecastle hand, and prerogatives, ballasts, tonnages and appetites were respected. Occasionally the Tavern's patronage included rivermen and coasters, cheeky

smugglers and manifest men, owners and speculators who came there to rendezvous with the masters, and Barnaby, demanding only cabin manners, let them whisper and have their bottles and their privacy.

They deferred to the ship captains and the ship captains deferred to Barnaby. They accorded him the courtesies of a ranking mariner, not because of the excellent food and wines which came out of his galley but because he was a remarkable authority on pilotage of the Seven Seas, London's most valued Sea Informer. He gathered nuggets of information not elsewhere available, from far-riding captains and mates, from clerks and runners, from lookouts and fishermen, from dock-wallops and smugglers. None better than Barnaby Gutt had the shrewd estimates of foreign port conditions, of surpluses and scarcities and markets and shoals and uncharted reefs. Shipmasters freely confessed their humble need of Barnaby's cautions. They depended on him. They respected him, and Barnaby's comfort and life-pride lay in that respect.

Respect, however, was not forthcoming from the stiff-necked New Englander, John Audel. The American withheld it from the instant of their first meeting, which was not in the Tavern but on a pierhead near the Old dockyard on a May Sunday noon. Barnaby was *Continued on page 47*

IN THE CELESTE

hill



Rowan, who once painted yellow tails on crows, here (standing, dark suit) checks students' biology exercise. Sometimes they all go out and catch rabbits.

THE ACID-MINDED PROFESSOR

Alberta's Dr. William Rowan has been heard to say he's full of contempt for humanity and that women aren't the equals of men, but he's still crowding an eighteen-hour day to teach the young and others the vital truths of biological survival

ONCE upon a time an undergraduate cartoonist sketched an owl perched pompously on a branch. Beside it he drew another owl, broadening the ear tufts to suggest a mortarboard, turning the wings into a tattered academic gown and the circles about the solemn eyes into pince-nez. One more drawing completed his Evolution of the Professor: out on a limb, head in the clouds, blinking in mild astonishment at the world of men, the Typical Professor clutched alike at his gown and his dignity, happily unaware, of course, that he'd forgotten his trousers.

The three-column cartoon has since fitted handily into blank spaces in scores of school yearbooks. It has also helped to perpetuate a myth as per-

By BARBARA MOON

PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION ASSOCIATES

sistent as the one that snakes swallow their young. This is the legend that all university professors are fussy, bespectacled, unworldly beings, clad in rumpled suits, clutching abstractedly at books and prey to lamentable absent-mindedness.

Dr. William Rowan, who knows that snakes don't eat their young, also insists that professors, like all other humans, come in as many shapes, sizes and shades of opinion as the Pied Piper's retinue. He is the typical university professor precisely because he is only typical of himself.

Rowan has been a biology professor for thirty-three years and head of the zoology department at the University of Alberta in Edmonton for thirty-two of them. A short vigorous man with a sardonic face, a kind heart, a caustic tongue and a vast interest in the bewildering grammar of human behavior, he investigates almost everything that comes in range of his bifocals, which he calls his "double-decker specs."

Besides his full-time job as a professor, Rowan, now sixty-one, has taught himself to shoot, cook, play the piano, sculpt and sketch; he has written three books, half a novel and innumerable scientific pamphlets, and he has broadcast over Canadian networks on subjects ranging from conservation to

world affairs. He has raised five children, the youngest now twenty-three, has taught nearly fifteen thousand students, has become the acknowledged Canadian authority on the migration of birds and one of the outstanding conservationists in the western hemisphere.

In 1946 he won the Flavelle Medal from the Royal Society of Canada for outstanding research work. His experiments with crows and rabbits are known and cited by biologists all over the world. He has also experimented with juncos, starlings, mink and people.

Everything Rowan learns is ultimately applied to his understanding of humans. Or, to put it another way, he explains man's behavior in terms of his brute origin. Students in Rowan's two courses—Biology 41 and Zoology 55—soon learn that all vertebrates have brains and that man's is only more highly developed because it's his form of adaptation to his environment. Students also learn that they're legitimate targets for Rowan's experiments to determine how far their particular brains have developed.

At the start of one semester he went around the zoology laboratory before class and adjusted the shades on the goose-necked lamps at each place so the light would shine in each student's face. His object was to prove that most humans lack the intelligence to recognize and remove a distraction. He succeeded for only five percent adjusted the shades. This, Rowan feels, bore out the Doctrine of the Elect. "Throughout the brief history of mankind human progress has depended on a very few intellects of outstanding calibre," he claims. He screens his classes for minds capable of development. The students who wait after a lecture to challenge his thesis or ask a searching question are those he feels are thinking for themselves.

Often he invites them along after lectures to his office under the eaves of the Medical Building. They come singly or in groups to drink coffee brewed over a Bunsen burner and talk about philosophy, sex, religion, politics and the other time-honored subjects of college bull sessions.



Rowan and collaborator Al Oeming examine a diseased rabbit. The professor once wanted to be a pianist and later wrote whodunits.

The Rowan lecture that provokes the flattest contradictions, the most searching questions and the biggest hubbub is the lecture on sex Rowan gives each year to the Biology 41 class. Having covered the productive systems of lower forms of life the course winds up with that of the human. He prefers to dismiss the anatomical facts of life by recommending a standard text on the subject or—as he did this year—by hiring a cartooned film called *Human Reproduction* from the provincial film library. Then he settles his coat on his shoulders and proceeds to talk turkey about the intellectual and emotional relationships between the sexes.

If he lectures to men and women separately—he tried it last year—this may involve frank marriage-clinic-type advice. If he lectures to combined groups he waters it down. Either way there's one point he's bent on making: biologically there is no basis for equality of the sexes. Man has, on the average, a larger brain better supplied with

oxygen. "Therefore," says Rowan, "the creative intellectual functions belong to man." Woman, being biologically as different from him as a jeep from a Cadillac, has a different function. It is to inspire man, to be a partner rather than a competitor, to shore him up with sympathy and devotion.

Some women take violent issue with this flat-footed statement of a double standard. Rowan, who concedes that women are indispensable, usually tries to soothe them by underlining the fundamental importance of feminine inspiration, but when he's really backed into a corner he has been heard to mutter, "I'm full of contempt for humanity, but a little more for women than men."

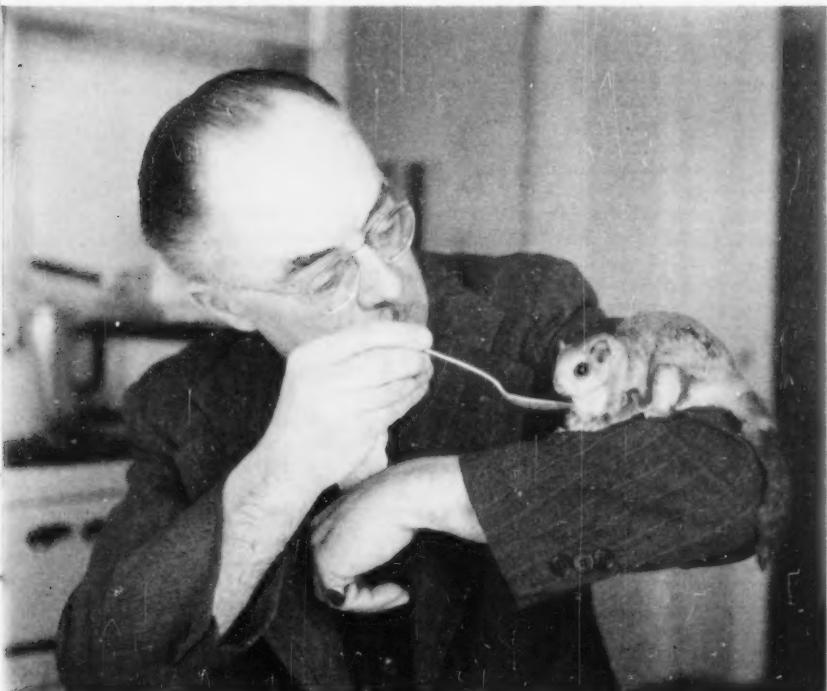
He lectures six times a week and conducts four three-hour labs. He also gives one evening extension lecture in fine art. Even the students who are moved to a momentary fury usually end up liking his lectures. Al Oeming, a former student, says, "He's humorous, he's enthusiastic and lively, and he drops in lots of provocative stuff." Oeming, who now collaborates on Rowan's rabbit experiments in the time he

can spare from promoting wrestling matches, also says that Rowan plays no favorites when he marks examination papers. Oeming flunked his first biology test because he hadn't read the assigned textbook.

Rowan sets his examinations with care and has his own yardstick for a successful paper: "If women get all the high marks I know there were too many memory questions."

Setting and marking papers, lecturing, seeing students, planning courses and administering his department fill an eight-hour working day. To cram in his other activities Rowan keeps going eighteen and a half hours. He rises at six and works till breakfast answering letters, preparing speeches, reading, or writing reviews of scientific books.

After his poached egg on toast he drives nine blocks to the campus from his white stucco bungalow in the Garneau district. He keeps one afternoon a week free for his current *Continued on page 56*



Lovekin, a flying squirrel, has run of Rowan's home. Earlier pets have included dogs, horned owls, a coyote and a couple of cougars.



A nationally known conservationist, Rowan is also a self-taught sculptor. His hard-hitting CBC lectures brought a deluge of mail.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

Accident is a greater child killer than any disease yet many parents don't seem to realize that the modern home is almost as dangerous as a battlefield

By JUNE CALLWOOD

THE COUNTRY'S biggest killer and crippler of children is no longer a disease with a Latin name—the word is accident. Every year accidents, most of them in the home, kill about fifteen hundred Canadian children and damage, sometimes for life, nearly a quarter of a million others. Usually the tragedy is a common one—struck by a car or train, trapped in a burning house or drowned—but often the children die from ordinary household hazards which many parents seem to overlook, like the hot water pouring into a bathtub, an open electric outlet or a bottle of cleaning fluid.

This year about 450 children will die under cars or trains; 280 will be drowned, an astonishing number of these in the months outside the swimming season; 145 will perish in burning homes; 110 will die as a result of burns or scalds; 110 will choke to death on something solid they swallowed; 80 will die of falls; 50 will die of eating or drinking something poisonous; 30 will be claimed by the careless use of guns and five will be electrocuted. Another 250 or so will die of deaths so bizarre they cannot be classified, like the seven-year-old girl who was twirling in a swing, got her neck caught between the twisting ropes and silently strangled.

Accidents take twice as many lives of children over one year as the second biggest single killer, tuberculosis, which accounts for 638 child deaths a year. Other big killers are the respiratory diseases, such as pneumonia, which combined kill a total of 751 children, and the diseases of the digestive tract such as diarrhea and enteritis which combined kill 780 children annually.

Once a baby reaches his first birthday—a period which still claims about fifteen thousand infants every year—chances are nearly certain that he will live to go to high school, barring accidents. At the turn of the century one fifth of the babies died before they were old enough for school. Medical research has in fifteen years reduced deaths among infants forty-four percent. A statistic untouched by this life-giving progress is the one covering deaths due to accidents. In the past twenty years in Canada accidental deaths have increased approximately fifty percent.

Deaths by vehicular accidents and in burning buildings have more than doubled in this period, canceling out the lives saved by improved methods of treating burns and poisons. No remedy can ever be found for a body smashed by a truck or blackened by fire. Pediatricians and safety authorities, alarmed by this waste of our young, are working together toward the only cure: prevention.

The two greatest dangers for children are traffic and train accidents and drownings and these two categories have certain qualities in common. Both types of accidents are concentrated on school children in the age groups from five to fourteen and surveys have shown that a particular type of child is most often involved. The child generally is a boy—boys are hurt or killed accidentally four times more often than girls—and the kind of boy who is aggressive and proud of his daring. He's the first boy out on the thin ice on the pond and the last to leave a street game of hockey when a car comes. He is concerned about being the leader of the gang and maintains his prestige by showing off. Psychiatrists are interested in this boy because he often lacks the element most necessary to a child—the sense of being important to his parents. He is substituting being important outside his home and, in some of his deeds, there is even a suicidal tinge, a feeling of "If you don't love me I'll make you sorry."

Not every child struck by a car or drowned in a river answers this description, naturally. Many of the victims are normal levelheaded youngsters caught by a whim of fate as they hurry along the road at dusk to finish their paper routes or lose their balance while fishing off a lonely pier.

Safety authorities are still working out methods of saving such children. Swimming lessons can be given earlier than most people suspect: two and three-year-olds have become proficient swimmers. Most cities provide supervision for children crossing the street on their way to and from schools. Ottawa has had marvelous results with training senior students to help at intersections and lecturing about forty thousand children on safety rules. Such precautions have saved many lives—during school hours. When the safety patrolman has gone away the child is on his own.

The main hope for the reduction of traffic accidents appears to be discipline. A joint convention of safety authorities and pediatricians in Chicago recently observed that a well-disciplined child, thoroughly familiar with traffic and water hazards before he is permitted to wander the streets, is not often involved in accidents.

Falls and crushings also kill more

Continued on page 35

CHECK YOUR
HOME
FOR THESE TEN
HAZARDS



Keep all cleaning fluids locked away.



Check temperature of a child's bath.



Teach road safety early as possible.



Even two-year-olds can learn to swim.



Teach respect for fires and matches.



Do not encourage the young show-off.



Keep all medicines well out of reach.



Board over old wells, ditches, drains.



Learn what to do before doctor comes.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN THORNE



Down this stairway have walked some of Europe's most beautiful showgirls. Women like the Folies too.



They All Want To See The FOLIES

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY JACQUES ROUCHON

WHEN United States Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup got to Paris for last winter's United Nations session at the Palais de Chaillot he anxiously enquired of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt where he could find his colleagues of the American delegation. "In the first five rows of the Folies Bergère," she's reputed to have answered.

Any number of people since the show started eighty-two years ago, in 1869, have similarly sought friends, colleagues, grandfathers, husbands (royal and otherwise) and beaux, in those very same seats. And, almost without fail, found them right there.

What's the siren song of this grandmother of music halls? Well, mainly it's the living evidence of word-of-mouth advertisement. You can do a lot of that in eighty years and, good or bad the word, it's assured the fact that to a majority of visitors Folies Bergère is synonymous with Paris. Officials of the Commissariat du Tourisme Français say, quite seriously, that without fail the first questions a foreign tourist asks are how to get tickets to the Folies Bergère and where is it; the

The Opera House still packs them in and the Louvre remains a must, but it's the Folies Bergere, glamorous grandmother of music halls, that stirs the Paris rubberneck's keenest artistic interest



Performers like Babe Wallace find a hitch with the Folies gives their act a build-up.



Michel Gyarmathy, creator of the famous shows, sometimes eats and sleeps backstage.

foreign journalist, how to get an interview with President Vincent Auriol, and how to get a pass to the Folies.

Paul Derval, owner-manager of the show since 1918, says it's because the Folies has never failed the customer. "It's always been, and still remains, the largest spectacle at the lowest price in Paris." Admitting him prejudiced there's still truth to this as proved by the fact that a new Folies show never fails to run three years or more. Also he pours in with lavish hand the initial expenses, where shows less certain of success would have to hold the purse strings. The new Folies production, *Une Vraie Folie*, which opened in early February, cost almost one hundred and fifty million francs (about \$450,000) to produce, and uses 125 artists (eighteen of them nude all of the time), 41 sets (weighing 21 tons), 1,211 costumes, about 700 pairs of shoes, and *des plumes en quantité formidable*. Plumes, ostrich and otherwise, have always been to the Folies Bergere what salt is to soup.

If past performance is any criterion this latest

show is here to stay for a while. The last one, *Féerie et Folie*, ran 1,346 times to more than three million customers; the one before that, *C'est de la Folie*, for 1,344 times to nearly three million. (Note that the name of every show has thirteen letters. It doesn't mean anything, shrugs *M'sieur* Derval. It is merely a superstition. But there's never been a Folies show that's been a failure.) In return the show grosses an annual income of four hundred and fifty million francs.

From the artists' point of view it's a good show because their names get promptly before an international public. The success of some past artists is a spur to the current ones. Maurice Chevalier sang here (he even wrote a song about it that starts "When you're sixteen you go there trembling, Oh, my Folies . . ."). Josephine Baker was the featured star for years. The happy fat Peters sisters, stars of the last show, now have a theatre of their own on the Rue de la Gaîté, and artists well known throughout Europe, if not as well in America, such as Yvette Gilbert, Yvonne Printemps, Little Tich,



Only because his artists were hungry Paul Derval consented to put on shows for the Nazis.

Jeanne Aubert and Harry Bauer, first appeared here.

Polish blonde Veronica Bell, the current starred singer, recently made a European concert tour and found packed halls for her operatic programs everywhere; the fact that newsmen had remembered her from the Folies Bergere had got her a good advance press. Babe Wallace, Negro singer of Blackbirds fame, who's appeared opposite Lena Horne in *Stormy Weather* and played in *Anna Lucasta* at His Majesty's in London, now making his first appearance at the Folies, quite coldly took on the job for that publicity value.

The appeal of the Folies, from the point of view of the man who pays his 1,800 francs (about \$5.40) to sit in the first five rows, 250 francs for the lesser seats, or 150 francs for standing room, is impossible to explain. You can't poll the over-all opinion of a king, a GI, a minister of finance and the art student who got his hundred francs in the last cheque from home, plus the numerous members of the female sex who

Continued on page 30

WHY WON'T CANADIANS EAT FISH?



Forty kinds of fish that make
other nations drool
go begging here while a
basic industry languishes
and our cooks pass up some of the
finest eating in the world

By IAN SCLANDERS

DRAWING BY JACK BUSH

NOT long ago a Bay of Fundy fisherman got just enough for one hundred pounds of pollock to pay for one pound of beefsteak. The beefsteak, he reports, was so tough he couldn't chew it.

This was an extreme case but it points up the fact that at a period when livestock is bringing unheard-of prices, and butchers are scouring the country for old cows and even horses, there is little demand for fish.

Fishing remains the most unrewarding of our basic industries. Our ninety-three thousand fishermen probably averaged about one thousand dollars each for their 1951 catch. Generally speaking, wages in fish-packing plants, which have twenty thousand employees, were far below wages in meat-packing plants.

The basic reason for this situation is that, as a nation, we won't eat fish. Our housewives, complaining bitterly about meat prices, still buy ten pounds of meat to every pound of less-expensive fish. Fillet of sole, an epicurean delicacy, is often cheaper than crude Bologna sausage—but we usually settle for boloney.

We eat only half as much fish as the British, a third as much as the Danes, a quarter as much as the Norwegians. Germans, Dutch and French all beat us as fish eaters. Our per capita fish consumption is a shade higher than that of the United States, land of the hot dog, but there are areas of the U. S., such as the New England states, where fish is accorded the respect it deserves. In Boston you can hardly walk a block without passing a sea-food restaurant.

In Canada we suffer from a sort of gastronomic blind spot which is retarding the development of an industry of major importance, particularly in the Atlantic provinces with their faltering economy. It's also causing us to neglect an outstanding bargain. Beef has doubled in price these last six years, but fish has stayed reasonably near 1945 levels.

Most of us are culinary snobs, content with our traditional meat and potatoes, and too lazy and apathetic to give our taste buds new adventures. We have a crazy idea that fish is beneath our dignity. You even encounter this beside salt water, where people should know better.

When D. Leo Dolan, chief of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, toured the Maritimes recently, he hoped, as an enlightened epicure, to stuff himself with sea food. But at most of the luncheons and dinners at which he spoke the main course was chicken. In one town he smilingly chided one of his hosts about not serving fish. The man replied gravely that *Continued on page 37*

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Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

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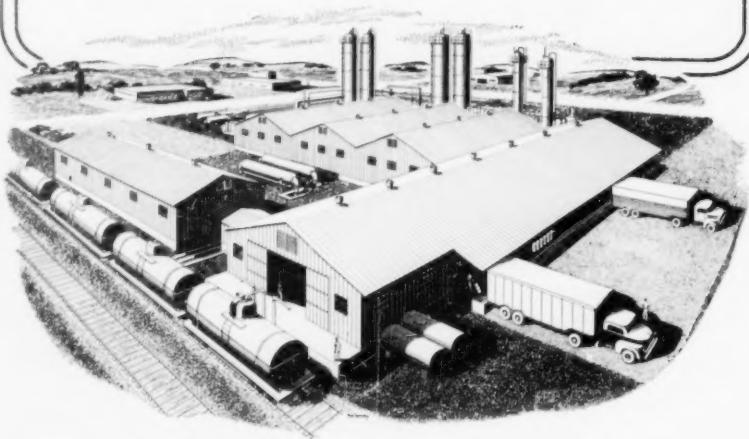


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BOOTS MALONE: Hollywood's best horse-racing yarn since *National Velvet*. A runaway rich boy (Johnny Stewart) and a down-on-his-luck jockey's agent (William Holden) become pals at the track—and the audience gets a lot of interesting "inside dope" as well as a story admirably free of the usual turf hokum.

FIVE FINGERS: All about espionage in neutral Turkey during the Hitler war. The result is a literate and absorbing spy drama (not all of it fictitious) in which James Mason does the smoothest work of his career in the role of an international scoundrel.

FLESH AND FURY: Tony Curtis, the bobbysoxers' dream boy, fortunately has a minimum of dialogue to cope with in his assignment here as a deaf-mute prize fighter. One or two enlightening scenes, dealing with the way such people are trained for "normal" living, help to atone for the staleness of the plot.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH: Two and a half hours with Cecil B. deMille at the circus. There are, of course, some dazzling shots of the Big Top and its cotton-candy glamour, but even in that respect the camera seldom gets in as close as you might reasonably expect, and the corny melodrama linking the acts together is of no assistance whatever.

HIGH TREASON: A British tale about destructive plotters in present-day England. Things get quite involved before the finish, but several individuals and incidents are sketched with shrewdness and humor.

LYDIA BAILEY: William Marshall, the giant Negro who played De Lawd in Broadway's most recent revival of *Green*

Pastures, makes an impressive film debut in this big colorful adventure drama about the struggle between Haiti's ex-slaves and Napoleon's warriors in 1802. A recommendable treatment of the Kenneth Roberts novel, although Anne Francis is far from satisfactory in the title role as a proud American beauty who stirs up the menfolk no end.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND: That familiar bogeyman, the unforgiving cop, shows up again (played by Robert Ryan) in this crime yarn and he meets a brave blind girl (Ida Lupino) who teaches him compassion. The promising realism of the beginning is soon frittered away in a hodgepodge of near-Hemingway tough talk.

LA RONDE: Not intended for sheltered children, this is a subtle and civilized French comedy-drama (with English subtitles) about the complex ironies of love. Some customers may find its leisurely tempo a bit irksome at times, but few movies in my memory have dealt so wittily and gracefully with universal human foibles.

ROOTY TOOT TOOT: The durable folk fable of Frankie and Johnny gets a delightful re-examination in a short cartoon comedy from the producers of *Gerald McBoing-Boing*.

STEEL TOWN: Handsome Technicolor shots taken in an actual steel mill merely accentuate the fraudulent nature of the story—two rugged buddies slugging it out for the same girl. John Lund, Howard Duff and Ann Sheridan are involved.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART: The Jane Froman biography, with the Froman voice sounding better than ever as it pours from the lips of Susan Hayward. One of the better musicals.

GILMOUR RATES

Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick: Rustic musical. Poor.
An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Appointment With Venus: Military comedy (British). Good.
Bend of the River: Jimmy Stewart in big western. Excellent.
Bright Victory: Drama. Good.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.
Callaway Went Thataway: Satiric "western" comedy. Good.
Come Fill the Cup: Drama. Good.
Death of a Salesman: Drama. Good.
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.
Distant Drums: Adventure. Fair.
Family Secret: Drama. Fair.
Here Come the Nelsons: Comedy. Fair.
I'll Never Forget You: Drama. Poor.
I'll See You in My Dreams: Musical biography. Fair.
Invitation: Marriage drama. Fair.
Ivory Hunter: Adventure. Good.
I Want You: Family drama. Fair.
Japanese War Bride: Drama. Fair.
Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.
The Light Touch: Comedy. Fair.
Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.
Man With a Cloak: Mystery. Fair.
The Mob: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Model and the Marriage Broker: Romantic comedy. Fair.

My Favorite Spy: Hope farce. Good.
Olympic Elk: Wildlife short. Good.
Pandora and the Flying Dutchman: Mystic romance. Poor.
People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.
People Will Talk: Drama. Good.
Phone Call From a Stranger: Comedy-drama. Good.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
Quo Vadis: Bible spectacle. Good.
Red Badge of Courage: War. Excellent.
Red Skies of Montana: Forest-fire action drama. Fair.
Return of the Texan: Western. Good.
The River: Indian drama. Excellent.
Room for One More: Domestic comedy-drama. Good.
Royal Journey: Fact feature. Excellent.
7 Days to Noon: Suspense. Excellent.
Slaughter Trail: Ballad western. Fair.
A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.
Tales of Hoffmann: Opera ballet. Good.
Ten Tall Men: Adventure. Fair.
This Woman Is Dangerous: Underworld romance. Fair.
Too Young to Kiss: Comedy. Good.
Viva Zapata: Mexico drama. Good.
The Well: Race-bias drama. Good.
Westward the Women: Western. Fair.
Wooden Horse: Suspense drama. Good.

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The Folies

Continued from page 25

crowd the place. The opinions are as varied as the spectacles and spectators. (In the tourist season eighty percent are foreigners.) Whether you go out in a high moral dudgeon, or line up at the stage door on the drizzly dark Rue Saulnier, you've still been there, and you'll still talk about it, which is all Paul Derval cares about.

Take the first time I went. It was after a late dinner at the Finnish Embassy in Paris and we came in to the strains of Ave Maria. "Now look," I said sharply to my hosts, "surely this isn't the Folies! Where are we?"

I went back out and looked at the dull dreary façade of the old theatre, facing narrow traffic - packed Rue Richer. It said "Folies Bergère" all right. In the two-story foyer with its incredible brass chandeliers and peculiarly pre-First World War *décor*, spaced with bars and salesgirls with long bare legs selling flexible rubber dolls, they handed me (for one hundred francs) a Folies Bergère program. But still the strains of Ave Maria went on. But, sure enough, I was in the right place.

On the stage, in a rather high-toned dungeon, Mary Stuart was wringing her hands while an equerry stood by holding the death sentence he'd brought from Elizabeth of England. In a flash of a second the scene changed and she was mounting a high staircase to an attentive axeman waiting at the top. As the axe dropped the strains of Ave Maria swelled, spotlights threw stained glass windows all over the theatre, and the curtain fell. It rose in a moment on a solemn procession descending the high stairs, headed by the grotesquely masked soul of the beheaded Queen, singing Ave Maria with barely a death murmur. The completely darkened theatre for an illusionary spot-lighted moment had the aspect of a cathedral, while the endless solemn parade went on.

Well? I ask you.

However, other items on the program included, briefly, a young man dressed in a maple leaf (no doubt a gesture to us Canadians) who was vigorously chased up and down an ingenious set of stairs by a bevy of more or less clad young women. The curtain fell when the completely naked one caught him. There was also the apple episode in Paradise: Adam was rather ineffectual, the Devil very vigorous and Eve hungry—she couldn't leave that apple alone. Then there were dancing girls in Scottish tartans (Campbell, the man behind me remarked) who did a very brisk job to bagpipes. In another scene the significance of which was lost to me—my French isn't very good—every other girl had a bare breast. Something mathematical to it, I suppose. Couple of times the star of the show, toothpick-thin Yvonne Menard (she has money in the show), was let down in a swing from the ceiling. Once, thus arriving, she summoned from the audience two young GIs. They were encouraged to propose to two of the girls in the chorus. Their knees cracked quite audibly as they knelt, but from where I sat it looked as though they got an apple as a prize. The whole show went through with marvelous snap precision, fantastically elaborate scenes changing in the time it took to put the curtain down and up again. This speed is a Folies tradition. The effects were built as much around the costumes and the brilliant brief spectacles as around the human body.

The stage at the Folies is one of the smallest anywhere in the world (about eighteen feet in depth, one hundred and twenty feet across) but

a gifted thick-spectacled man called Michel Gyarmathy, sole creator of the twenty - eight spectacles, forty-one scenes of the new Folies, thought of a way to utilize the height of the stage about eighteen years ago. In a most ingenious way he built sets of stairs and platforms which, with cleverly applied lights, create an illusion of immense space. He can mystify with distances in his tableaux that would be difficult to duplicate with less imaginative production in much larger space. (Gyarmathy, Folies personnel say, "lives here.") For the last six weeks of rehearsal for the new show he never once left the maze of the old theatre. He quite literally worked, ate and slept backstage.

The illusion of space is one of the highlights of the new review which was heralded by a tumult of praise in Paris papers when it emerged after six months of rehearsal. The results of this toil include a visit by Marie Antoinette to the porcelain manufacturing plant at Sévres, a hunting scene, a surrealist ballet in the ruins of a bombed village, sea fairies dancing at the bottom of the ocean, star Yvonne Menard dressed in twenty red bird-of-paradise plumes having a session in an opium den, a reunion at the Longchamps race track, and the descent in a golden cage—from the ceiling above the audience—of Veronica Bell, singing like a bird. Thrown into this mélange are Negro singers and dancers, Schiaparelli's Swedish model Sive Norden, American Eileen O'Dare doing acrobatic dances, and comedian André Randal who goes through a swift pace of four-language wisecracks, some with social significance.

He presents, for example, a preview of the future. His assistant (who's his wife, Gladys, a good-looking dark Englishwoman) says briskly, "Well, folks, here it is. We've at last succeeded in creating the United States of Europe—and what a job it has been. You must realize none of these people knew each other very well, that each had about one another a most fantastic set of ideas . . ."

Then André bounces on the stage. He acts French as the French look to the English. Interviewed by his stooge he admits the French eat only snails and frogs, drink absinthe and red wine, dance the cancan, and have a twenty-four-hour hobby of making love. The Englishman, as seen by the French, André presents as a rather embarrassed nasal character in a tweed cap, who says he only eats roast beef and potatoes, drinks whisky and gin when he can get it, shuffles a dreary jig, and is shocked by the very word "love." The Italian, as seen by the French and English, eats spaghetti and macaroni, drinks Chianti, sings arias instead of dancing, and assassinates anybody and everybody for love. With a change of costume André takes on ponderous weight as a German, as Germans appear to others. He eats sauerkraut and sausages, drinks beer, and spends the rest of his time methodically raising a family.

The American, the end product of all this, but in a new-world cocoon, is the Real New European. He strolls on the stage chewing gum and demanding Coca-Cola. He speaks four languages but begins and ends each sentence with, "That's fine, everything's just fine." André, with his fluent face, horn-rimmed glasses, Biblical ability to speak languages (English, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French) and a gift of completely changing character with the change of cap and tongue, brings the house down.

The whole show takes three hours and Gyarmathy assured me it is con-

Continued on page 32



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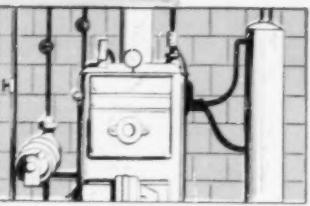
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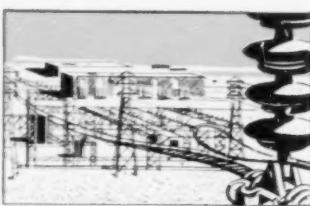
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Continued from page 30
sacrated to "love, every aspect of love
toujours l'amour." During inter-
missions in the market place of a foyer
the visitors can have a show within a
show either by slipping ten francs into a
peep show of shadow pictures or
visiting the small red-beamed cellar
theatre where tired, rather elderly
hours give languorous Turkish dances.

Behind all this, taking personal
interest in every aspect from hiring and
firing to costumes which are made
under his wife's supervision in the
ateliers above the theatre, is Paul
Derval. He looks like a bank manager,
dresses in sober dark, with the thin
red Legion of Honor ribbon in his
buttonhole and, grave and businesslike
in his mahogany paneled office, com-
pletely foils your gay preconception of
a Folies producer feting new nude stars
at champagne feasts. He once said that
if he wasn't the owner of the Folies he'd
like to be the director of a zoo.

His first choice has done well by him.
At the moment he is contemplating the
purchase of a private airplane. Besides
the *Vraie Folie* in Paris, he has a new
revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre in
London, another revue leaving im-
mediately for Australia, a touring
company playing the principal cities of
Great Britain, and he is seriously
contemplating a production in New
York.

Derval comes from a theatrical
family, so naturally his father forbade
him the stage. "You'll starve," said
Father, "you must get a profession." While
still at school he made a bet with his friends
that he could appear on the stage of the Folies Bergère. He did—
walking in behind an electrician as a
helper. By the time he was seventeen
he left school and got a job as a
premier comedian with a touring
company. After the First World War
he worked as a manager for Beretta
and Co., a Paris outfit which owned five
theatres and music halls, and when
that folded up, found himself able to
buy the Folies Bergère outright. In the
first year he claims to have been the
director, the scene changer, the chief
mechanic, electrician, director of public-
ity, and often, a bit actor.

He closed the theatre when the
Germans got into Paris and retired
with his wife to Biarritz. (He had
been wounded in War One and had not
been accepted for military service in
the Second.) However, news reached
him in his retreat that the Germans
were about to have a show in his
theatre. He stormed back, went
through military red tape to top
officials and said firmly, "That's my
theatre." "We'll give it back to you
if you'll put on a show," the Germans
said. Derval pondered the problem for
some time, consulted his artists, found
them hungry, and decided to open the
show. It remained open throughout the
occupation. That's all he'll tell you
about the war years, but a woman who
now runs a hotel on the Côte d'Azur not
far from Nice, recalling her wartime
experiences in the underground, said
that there always was one safe place, if
you were hunted, in Paris. That was in
the company of the Folies Bergère.
The Germans, avid for entertainment,
left the troupe strictly alone.

To get an appointment with Derval
I needed diplomatic introductions as
well as references from the French
tourist office, which is a department of
the government. The stage entrance off
the narrow bistro-peared Rue Saulnier
leads through a courtyard filled to the
last inch with sets—carousels, headless
golden horses, bicycles of every era, gilt steps,
crowns, mannequins, and papier-mâché
masks and arms and legs. From this
tangle I climbed businesslike stairs to a

SQUALL at midnight

This is the first threat,
Slightly malicious,
Wind which will yet
Grow sharply officious,
Thumbing off leaves
Away from the bushes
In long, gusty heaves,
And arrogant pushes;
Whining through wires,
Tapping loose shingles,
Stirring up choirs
Of discordant jingles—
Wearing away
At last . . . before morning;
There'll come a day
With more wind than warning!

—Martha Banning Thomas

sign saying *Direction*. A beautiful stenographer with the world's longest natural eyelashes, behind a reception desk dominated by a cat, turned me over to *Madame Marise Cournil*, Derval's "right hand." She promised to consult *le patron*. While I waited a man selling raffia slippers turned up; a small boy brought in a huge hatbox; a girl dressed in a lace handkerchief hurried through; a Negro with a trombone asked for an audience. Ultimately I passed the leather studded door to the small office discreetly decorated with framed photographs of former shows and now-famous artists. Derval stood up to his solid six feet four, a perfect picture of his own description of himself "the typical bourgeois."

He's happily married and his wife is both his associate and collaborator. They have a small handsome house backing to a garden in a quiet district of Paris, filled with collector's pieces of antiques, many of them set in a Louis XV salon, in which his great Dane looks like a bull in that old china shop. He adores the French cuisine, "the best in the world," drinks only Coca-Cola, owns a yacht and drives a huge black Buick (his wife has a Cadillac). "Why should one have little cars for Paris? The big ones are so much better." He goes to Mass every Sunday.

But the Folies is his life. The show prides itself on never closing except for the last two weeks of the rehearsal of a new show, every three years, and while the Folies is open Derval is not far away.

It's like a royal tour to walk the maze of stairs and steps of the backstage of the Folies with Paul Derval. He explains with painstaking enthusiasm the workings of trap doors on the stage where artists drop down for split-second costume changes, the manipulation of the electric-lights board (seventy-two switches worked by one man because there's no space for more) and the intricacies of a dance a couple is practicing in one corner. There are three hundred and forty people working at the Folies, workmen and front office help included. Derval knows them all.

The chorus is under the direction of a slack-clad red-haired English choreographer, Hazel Gee, who also works for

the London Folies. She said, "There are a lot of people here who've worked for Mr. Derval for years. There's astonishingly little change in the staff. Sometimes a chorus girl finds a millionaire and gets married—that happened to Lisiene, one of the most beautiful of the naked girls, just a couple of months ago. At least we all decided he must be a millionaire. But there are also a lot of others married to artists or ordinary businessmen. And there's one girl who has an old mother, a sick husband and two children to support. The Folies' chorus isn't the exotic flower of the popular Press. It's hard work."

The girls, French, English, German, Dutch, American and Polish, as well as hopefules from Martinique, Guadalupe and Brazil, make about twenty-five dollars a week, live in rooms or small flats, and are seldom known to accept an offhand invitation from a customer. Some earn extra money with after-the-show appearances in night clubs (Lido, Nouvelle Eve, Bal Tabarin, Venus, or the lesser *boîtes de nuit*). Then there are a few girls of independent means who appear for fun or theatrical experience. Their hobbies, the girls insist, are theatre and reading. And washing stockings.

For the foreign actress there is the endless and everlasting business of work permits and keeping the various licenses demanded by the French government up to date. A star, such as Veronica Bell, gets about one thousand dollars a month (Yvonne Menard, as shareholder, would probably get more), and since working hours are from 7 p.m. to 12 p.m. she doesn't get up until two p.m., her husband brings her breakfast to bed, then they take in a matinee, and she goes back to work. The stars don't see much of one another. They are mostly married, or have personal lives that do not touch the theatre. Perhaps for this reason there is actually less backbiting than customarily in a long-stand show.

However, there is a rendezvous for the Folies cast. It's right by the artists' entrance, on Rue Saulnier, a *petit bistro* called in crisp Americanese, Artists' Bar. Here the *vedettes* and the artists, the show girls, *modèles*, *danseuses* and *figurantes* exchange gossip over their *coup de rouge* (literally, "drink of red" wine or pop). A good example of the haphazard atmosphere is the time Babe Wallace, the very dark, handsome Negro featured singer, paused at the bar for a cup of coffee. He's been trying to perfect his French and gladly entered into a conversation with the man next to him. After a while this stranger said, "Are you colored?" Babe grinned. "How did you guess?" he said. "By your accent," said the other promptly. "Garçon, deux coups de rouge, s'il vous plaît."

Sometimes the conversation heard in the foyer of the Folies is the most edifying part of the show. Here you see and overhear all the world, the best and the worst of it. There are Americans, almost out of musical comedy as well as the ordinary nice guys. There are royal highnesses blatantly incognito and SHAPE officials trying to look as though they were there just for the joke of it. And there are the French themselves in tight black, out for the evening. There was the other day in a party of half a dozen Britons the type of straight-backed, war-restrictions-conscious Englishwoman, whom her grandchildren adore.

"Really, Derek," she was saying to the casual blond horsefaced young man by her, "I can't quite see the point of all the nudity. Except," she flashed a sudden illuminated smile at him, "it really must save immeasurably in cost of costumes." ★



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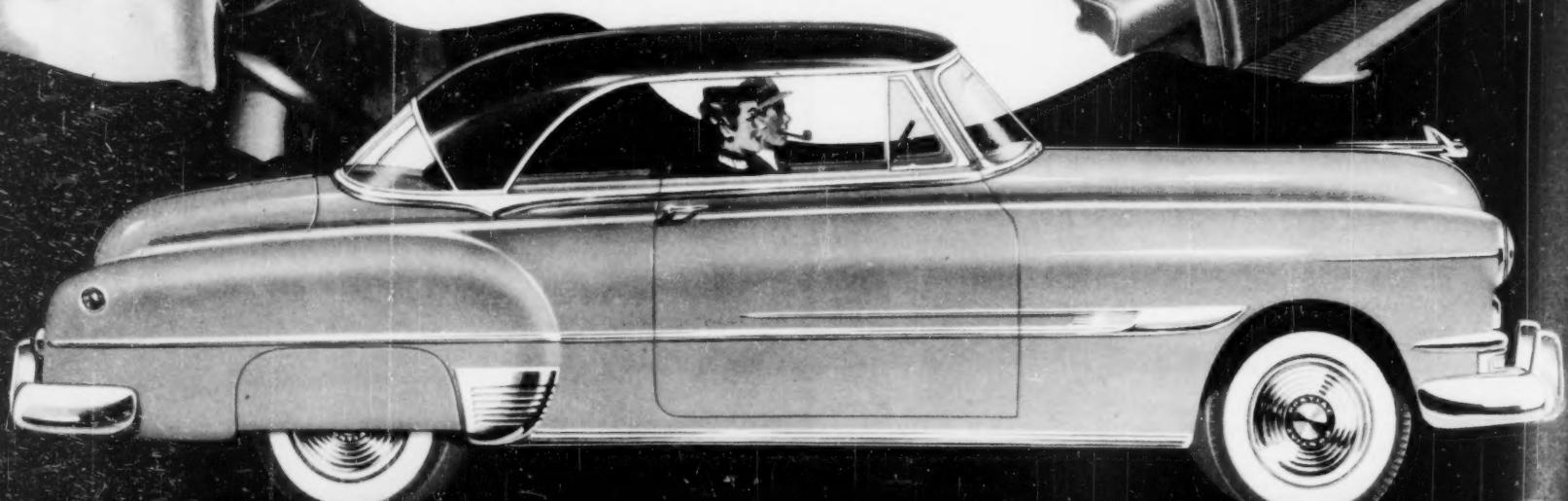
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Save Your Child's Life

Continued from page 22

school-age children than toddlers and do an incalculable amount of damage to spines, arms and legs. Young boys climb trees as naturally as monkeys and even a fall from a low branch can be fatal. A ten-year-old boy once fell out of a small fruit tree, landed awkwardly on his head and shoulder and broke his neck.

An eight-year-old boy who fell off a roof while pursuing pigeons provided Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto with a scene its doctors will never forget. The boy had compound fractures of his left arm, jagged edges of the slender bone had slashed through the flesh and were showing. The boy was taken to the operating room and there his shirt was unbuttoned. Five pigeons promptly flew out and the staff spent a half hour rounding them up and putting them under a box. An interne who came along later innocently picked up the box and the farce had to be repeated. The stalking of the pigeons was hilarious but the doctor who put the boy's arm together again recalls that the arm was ruined beyond repair.

Babies suffer a great many falls as well but rarely suffer damage because they fall relaxed and their bones are soft. Babies have died, however, as a result of falling only seventeen inches off a bed and these deaths can often be prevented if the mother can recognize soon enough that her baby has fractured his skull or suffered a brain hemorrhage. The signs to watch for are drowsiness, bleeding from the ears, irritability, vomiting, paralysis, twitching or convulsions. An older child who has hit his head might complain of headaches or that he can't see properly. Often a fractured skull can be felt; in an older child it is an actual break in the skull and in the baby it is a dimple that doctors call a ping-pong fracture because the bone can be popped back into shape like the dent in a ping-pong ball.

Doctors warn against trying to straighten an arm or leg that is obviously broken, or else the jagged ends of the bone will cut through nerves and tissue and greatly complicate recovery. The procedure, if a fracture is even suspected, is to slip a board or a slat under the broken arm or leg and, keeping the limb in the same position, bind it to the board with bandages. The child can then be removed to the hospital for X-rays.

Never move a child if he has hurt his back. Permanent paralysis may result from moving an injured spine. Leave the child until an ambulance can be brought, keeping him warm to protect him from shock. It is not advisable to lift his head to put a pillow under it.

The other major killer in the accident field is fire and here matches are the chief danger. Matches have a fascination for children that parental warnings can never entirely dissipate. The obvious solution is that matches should never be within a child's reach. Public opinion is so strong on this subject that manslaughter charges have been laid against parents whose children, left alone in

the home, have burned to death through playing with matches.

Coal-oil lamps and overheated stoves cause a high proportion of the fires that kill children, but electric irons, an unsuspected menace, can be equally dangerous in the hands of a little girl pressing her doll's clothes—with her mother next door chatting to a neighbor.

The bulk of the deaths due to burns, poisonings and suffocation occur to pre-school children and it is estimated the mother is responsible for these accidents more than eighty percent of the time.

"Accident prevention in childhood begins with one-hundred-percent protection," Dr. Harry Dietrich, of the Los Angeles Children's Hospital, once said in a speech on accident prevention. "The infant under one year of age, who is not adroit at dodging, is completely at the mercy of its custodians . . . In the span from one to five the completely protected, wholly dependent one-year-old must be transformed into the safely independent school child whose vulnerability to accident has not been increased by too much protection. It is apparent that this period is marked by bravely decreasing protection and dramatically increasing education."

Dietrich believes that split lips, technicolor bruises, chipped teeth, bloody scalps and even simple fractures must be expected by parents and their value appreciated. "Lessons learned in pain are not soon forgotten," he adds.

Absolute protection, however, must be maintained against lethal and crippling hazards in which the modern home abounds. Small children are scalded to death in reaching up to the handle of the boiling potato pot on the stove. Water at a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees is sufficient to burn a child severely and many children have been scalded to death by the water in their bathtubs. Early this spring a child was fighting for his life in Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital because he fell in the pan of water his mother was using to scrub the floor. Every spring and fall hospitals all over the country admit toddlers whose buttocks have been burned when they squatted in the water their mothers were using in the semiannual house cleaning.

A burn of this type is an agony for the youngster. The burned area is red and often blisters and new skin must be grafted in a series of operations before he is well again. A badly burned area turns dead white, because the blood is cut off, and the child is grey and sweating. Children rarely survive burns this serious.

The emergency treatment for burns is to cover the burned area with a clean cloth or bandage and rush the child to hospital. If this isn't possible it is important to keep air away from the burn by placing the injured part in water at body temperature with a bit of salt added. The soaking will also minimize the pain. The burn can be dressed with bandages which are kept moist with vaseline or a saline solution of a dessertspoon of salt to a quart of sterile water. Air is definitely harmful to a burn.

A two- or three-year-old, alert and full of confidence that nothing will hurt him, must be protected from his own curiosity. He is anxious to test every object in his mouth and the consequences may be fatal. In the case of solid objects, such as detached parts of toys, marbles, pebbles, buttons, coins, pins, bits of glass, fragments of bone, nails and toy knives and forks, the child may choke while the object is in his throat and it may then enter his windpipe and cut off his breathing. If the child swallows the

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object safely, however, there is rarely any further difficulty. Open safety pins usually have to be removed by surgery but most other objects wend their way through the intestinal tract, causing colicky pains en route, and reappear in from a day to two weeks. One child had a closed safety pin in her intestines for eight months without harmful effect.

Poisons are numerous in the average household. The following are all poisonous to children: household bleach, lye, ammonia, copper- and silver-cleaning fluids, dry-cleaning fluid, iodine,

cathartics, sedatives, kerosene, rubbing alcohol, paint remover, lead, DDT and other insecticides, moth balls and camphorated oil, some antiperspirants, nail-polish remover, roach or rat poisons, shoe polish, most crayons, apple, peach, plum and cherry seeds and carbon monoxide.

The chief point to remember when a child has swallowed a poison is to determine the type of poison. In getting the child to the doctor, take the label of the poison. Many children die or are damaged by poisons while the doctor guesses at the antidote.

The best emergency treatment for most poisons—except for kerosene or caustic-alkali poisons which can do as much damage coming up as they did going down—is to make the child vomit. This can be done either by putting a finger down the back of his throat or by making him drink an emetic of one tablespoon of mustard or two tablespoons of salt in warm water. Kerosene and caustic alkalies are both dangerous poisons and the child must be rushed to hospital immediately. An interim treatment for kerosene can be mineral or olive oil.

For the alkali administer lemon or grapefruit juice followed by milk and egg white.

Poisons are in sixth place among the accidental causes of death in children, but doctors feel that since they are always preventable they shouldn't be on the list at all. Authorities like Dr. C. Collins-Williams, a Toronto pediatrician who has studied the problem of accidents and written several articles on the subject, feel that medicine cabinets should be kept locked or else all medicines should be kept out of reach even of a child standing on a chair.

Of the one hundred and forty-one poisoned children admitted to the Hospital for Sick Children over a five-year period (during which nine hundred were treated in out-patient clinics) forty-seven had swallowed medicines prescribed for other members of the family, such as atropine, codeine, Nembutal, Aspirin, phenobarbital, belladonna, laxatives, stilbestrol and Amytal. Incredibly enough sometimes these medicines were administered by the parents themselves, confusing them with the child's medicine.

Mothers are also warned never to leave their children alone when the electric wringer is in operation. Mangled hands and arms from wringer accidents are common and though they are rarely fatal (once a three-year-old whose sweater caught in the wringer was strangled) they are a horrible crippler. The Sick Children's Hospital sees sixty to sixty-five of these victims every year, the skin stripped off their arms like a glove. Older type wringers with no give can churn away the nerves and tissues in a child's armpit, ruining the arm forever.

Extra Careful With Guns

It's a wise precaution to check the wiring in a home when the baby starts to creep. Ragged electric cords can cause burns or death if the baby's damp fist happens to close on a vulnerable spot. Since small children are apt to poke pins in electric outlets, all empty sockets should be taped over or provided with dummy plugs. Dr. Collins-Williams also warns against the habit of disconnecting an electric iron at the end of the cord next to the iron, leaving the other end plugged into the wall socket. Many children have put the plugs into their mouths and the current has burned off their lips.

If an electric shock has caused the child to stop breathing, artificial respiration should be begun immediately and kept up until the child starts to breathe again—or for at least four hours.

About thirty children die every year through the careless use of guns. Sometimes a child will pick up a gun, innocently aim it at a brother or sister and pull the trigger. If it is necessary to have a gun in the home where there are children it should be kept in a locked cupboard, even when it is unloaded.

The uncanny timing of some fatal accidents, like the boy in Victoria who was cycling along the street and was killed by a falling telephone pole, or the boy in Ottawa who was caught by a train on a trestle bridge only seconds from safety, defies understanding. The difference between a normal incident in home life and a nightmarish catastrophe is so intangible that parents often gamble it will never happen—that Jeannie will never fall into the water-filled drainage ditch, that baby won't strangle on the loose screw nail in his crib, that Janet won't fall down the cellar stairs.

They can gamble, but they're gambling their children's lives. ★



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Why Won't Canadians Eat Fish?

Continued from page 26

chicken had been considered more appropriate for a visitor — thereby endorsing the view that fish is inferior.

In B. C. the situation is similar. During last year's royal tour Princess Elizabeth wasn't even served a fish entree at dinner in the Hotel Vancouver. Woodward's food department in Vancouver, Canada's biggest, reports that its total dollar sales in fish is only one twentieth of that in meat and poultry. Three years ago a contest was held to establish British Columbia's native dish. The winner was baked salmon with oyster stuffing. But no restaurant in B. C. features it. And not long ago the Fisheries Association put on a reception for the B. C. Chamber of Commerce at which the dinner entree was roast beef tenderloin garni!

The explanation of this attitude lies in the past. Our ancestors depended largely on salt fish and salt meat. Then came refrigeration facilities which led to the establishment of packing houses. Soon fresh meat was always available and the sale of cured fish dwindled. Fish dealers tried shipping fresh fish inland, but refrigeration was still primitive. Fish is more perishable than meat and when it arrived at its destination was, at best, not good and, at worst, unfit for cats. Inlanders turned against it.

Now, refrigeration and handling methods have so improved that it's possible to buy fish of dockside quality anywhere in Canada. But the prejudice lingers on.

There are signs, however, that these barriers to the acceptance of fish as a food of first rank are gradually being overcome, thanks to a long-range campaign by the federal Department of Fisheries and the industry, and to high meat prices. In 1950 we ate thirteen and a half pounds of fish per head of population, compared with twelve and a quarter pounds in 1947. Our 1951 consumption probably exceeded that of 1950.

But last year you could still see in coastal communities evidence of our national indifference to fish. Take herring. In Scotland they're so esteemed that they're described as "bonnie fish and halestone fairin'" in the familiar 'Caller Herrin' song by Caroline, Lady Nairne. Turned into golden bloaters by the alchemy of brine and smoke they're England's favorite breakfast. Charles Sala, Victorian gourmet, contended that such delightful morsels should be cooked with a fiery ritual. His recipe: Put two bloaters in a soup plate, pour on them enough whisky to cover, set it alight and let it burn itself out. The bloaters will then be done and done exquisitely.

But in Canada nobody sets herring to music. Maritime farmers plowed millions of them into the fields as fertilizer last spring. Consumers didn't want them. Here was wonderful food, treated as manure.

Plump firm-fleshed mackerel, diminutive cousins of the tuna, also went begging in Canada, although they're one of the cheapest and most delicious of fish. A lot of famous New England restaurants get their mackerel from the Maritimes, and Canadians visiting there praise it. It's odd that they should so enjoy across the border the same caught-in-Canada fish they scorn at home.

Salt cod was another unwanted item last year. The market was so slack that the Federal Government gave financial aid to Newfoundland's hard-

hit outport fishermen. Yet the uninitiated, who wrinkle their noses at salt cod, are missing a number of choice and extremely economical dishes. One of these is the Newfoundland specialty, boiled salt cod and brewis — brewis being hardtack, or ship's biscuit, softened in the liquid in which the fish has been boiled.

Don't despise salt cod. More fresh cod is landed at Lunenburg, N.S., than anywhere in Canada, but the leading hotel features Dutch dinner, the basis of which is salt cod. And trawler fishermen, who are sea-food epicures,

often eat creamed salt cod as a treat — though they're pulling nets of the fresh variety out of the water. The rub is that it must be freshened. At sea you do this by towing the fish behind the vessel. Ashore you have to soak and parboil it. Salt-cod dishes are well worth the trouble, but the average housewife seems disinclined to bother with it. Thus, the ultimate salvation of the Newfoundlanders lies in plants that will enable them to fillet and freeze their cod. Practically all the gain in Canada's fish consumption in recent years has been accounted for

by the increased demand for fresh and frozen fillets, which involve a minimum of cookery.

If Canadians acquire the fish habit they'll not only save money but benefit their health. For fish contains most of the elements the body needs. Three hundred years ago Thomas Jordan, poet and philosopher, wrote: "Fish dinners will make a man spring like a flea." He thus anticipated the findings of present-day nutritionists. "The sea," one expert says, "is a receptacle into which the rivers are gradually draining the good of the land. When

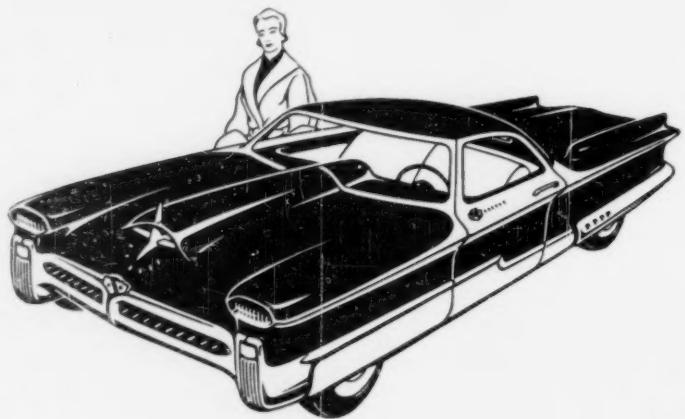
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we have fish on our tables it brings us the sea, with the good of the land, in palatable form."

The Canadian has a wide variety of raw materials to draw from. Our fisheries yield more than forty kinds of fish and shellfish, ranging alphabetically from alewives to yellowtail and in size from winkles to giant tuna. Then, too, there are the delectable creatures of the fresh-water fisheries, like lake trout and goldeye.

Our sea fishermen harvested around a billion and a half pounds last year and could have harvested a lot more if they'd had a market.

Wherever you live you'll have to buy most species frozen or canned. Don't disdain frozen fish. Old-fashioned freezing left the fish flabby and flat, but modern freezing preserves texture and flavor.

Since each kind of fish has its own distinctive flavor the fish chef has far more scope than the meat chef. He can emphasize one flavor, as when he steams clams or bakes salmon, or he can blend several flavors, as when he combines sole, lobsters and oysters in that magic brew, bouillabaisse. Yet, in spite of this, competent professional fish chefs are rare in Canada.

Don't Be Heavy-Handed

There are a few good ones in Montreal and Toronto. This may be why the annual per capita fish consumption in both those cities is four and a half pounds more than the national average. The chef situation being what it is the way to be sure of a memorable fish dinner is to tie on an apron yourself.

Remember that fish, like eggs, can be wrecked by overcooking. The worst blunder of Canadian fish cooks is cooking fish too much. Remember, as well, that the flavor is delicate. There are dishes in which it may be accentuated with onion, garlic, celery, bay leaves, vinegar, wine, lemon juice, bacon, salt pork and spices, but don't be heavy-handed or the taste of the fish will be lost.

You can't go wrong with fillets, fresh or frozen. If you pick fillet of sole, salt it lightly, dust it with flour and fry it gently in a pan that is not too hot. Make a sauce with equal amounts of butter and lemon juice, plus finely chopped parsley. The result is a thing of beauty—honey-colored, flecked with green parsley, glistening with lemon butter and every bit as good as it looks. Eat it slowly and with great relish. Don't serve it with strong vegetables like onions that will detract from its flavor; use tiny green peas or asparagus or a tossed salad.

Cod fillets are coarser and you can be a little rougher with them. On the Atlantic coast the approved method of cooking them is with salt pork. Dice the pork and brown it in the skillet. Cool the pan slightly, push the pork to one side and drop in the cod, having first dusted it with salt and flour. Fry it golden brown. When serving top it with the crispy pork cubes and slices of lemon, and surround it with hearty vegetables like beets and carrots.

Haddock fillets are about halfway between sole and cod, and you can cook them according to either recipe. They're delicious both ways.

As this is written, you can buy succulent halibut steaks for not much more than half what you pay for a tough chunk of round steak. Yet halibut is one of the finest fish in the sea. Fry the steaks as you would fillet of sole, or, better still, grill them in the oven, basting them with butter or margarine. Serve with parsley butter and sit down to a feast fit for the gods.

Cook salmon steaks the same as

halibut, but somewhat longer. The rich firm red flesh will transport you to gourmet's heaven. The only thing salmon fanciers find better than salmon steaks is a good-sized piece of salmon baked or boiled. Allow ten to fifteen minutes per pound. The fish should be served with a white sauce into which hard-boiled eggs have been chopped. Capers will add a touch to the sauce, too, if you have them handy.

If you have a pound of baked or boiled salmon left over you can have kedgeree the next day. Just break it up and mix it in a double boiler with two cups of cooked rice, four minced hard-boiled eggs, four tablespoons of butter or margarine, quarter of a cup of cream, salt, pepper and paprika. Heat and serve. It's terrific!

If you succeed in finding fresh herring, the old Scottish recipe is this: Clean and dry herring, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in oatmeal and fry in hot dripping until brown.

Select mackerel carefully. It's a bright-colored fish, delightful fresh but terrible when stale. There's a reason for that expression "deader than a mackerel." If the color has faded it's stale and this applies even when it's frozen.

To get into the realm of more complicated fish cookery, sole *à la normande* is a gorgeous creation. Start by boiling an onion enough to tone down its flavor. Slice this very thin and lay the slices in a pan on butter. Put the sole on the onion and sprinkle it with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the juice of a lemon and enough white wine to cover. Cook in a slow oven for thirty minutes, then remove the fish and stir into the liquid in which it has been cooked a tablespoon of butter and a tablespoon of flour. When this thickens add half a cup of cream and bring it to a boil. Surround the fish with fried bread snippets and pour the sauce over it. If it turns out right, it has a flavor that sings.

William Makepeace Thackeray wrote of a fish dish:

This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew.
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red pepper, mussels,
saffron,
Soles, onion, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terte's Tavern,
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

You can make the dish that delighted Thackeray in your own kitchen. The recipe differs a bit from that of Terte's Tavern, but the end product is equally inspiring. Get together three pounds of whitefish (preferably sole but another kind will do), one dozen oysters, half a cup of cooked shrimp, crab or lobster meat, one cup of canned tomatoes, two cups of boiling water, half a cup of salad oil or olive oil, a pinch of saffron (obtainable at drugstores), the juice of a lemon, one bay leaf, two medium-sized onions sliced, one carrot sliced, half a cup of canned pimento chopped, one bruised garlic clove, chopped parsley, toast.

All ready? Let's go.

Heat the oil and sauté the fish and onion. Next, add water, tomatoes, bay leaf, carrot and garlic and simmer for twenty minutes. Add saffron, lemon, pimento and shellfish, season with salt and pepper, bring to a boil and pour into a deep dish over toast fingers. Add a little white wine if you wish. Now, tie on your bib, pull up a chair and sit down to one of the finest concoctions ever devised.

In the days of Dickens oysters sold for a shilling a hundred in England and were the food of the poor. In Pickwick Papers Sam Weller remarks:

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"It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir, that poverty and oysters seem to go together . . . Blessed if I don't think that when a man's very poor he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in regular desperation."

In a later period the beds were depleted and oysters became a luxury indulged in by Diamond Jim Brady and other notables. They went with champagne suppers. Today, in Canada, conservation and scientific cultivation have begun to restore the supply and oysters cost no more than some foods that are drab and uninteresting.

For fancy occasions there are "angels on horseback." Roll each oyster in bacon, first having flavored it with lemon. Now, borrow some of your wife's steel knitting needles. Impale the bacon-wrapped oysters on the knitting needles, suspend them over a deep pan in such a way that they don't touch it, bake until bacon is straw-colored, and serve on toast.

Like oysters, lobsters have become reasonably economical again. They aren't cheap, mind you—it's just a matter of degree. If you buy them alive, which is the best way to buy them, salt the water well and have it at a rolling boil before you pop them headfirst into the pot. Remove them as soon as they're bright scarlet or they'll be tough and dry. If you're soft-hearted and don't care for the idea of boiling things alive you can get lobsters already boiled at the fish market and they'll probably be excellent. When you serve them split them lengthwise down the middle and crack the claws, and be sure that everybody has a small bowl of melted butter to dip the lobster meat in. If it's a convivial occasion which matches the lobster's festive red jacket and zestful flavor the beverage should be beer.

As a fish chef you can have fun if

you venture off the beaten path and concoct items like eel stew. For this, have the fish man skin two eels and cut them in two-inch lengths. Sauté chopped green onions in butter or margarine for five minutes, add water, half a cup of red wine, a tablespoon of vinegar, a pinch of nutmeg, salt and pepper. Simmer the eels in this for forty-five minutes. Thicken the gravy with flour or cornstarch and serve the stew on toast, garnished with parsley. If eels make anybody at your table shudder you can always say they're some other fish. The flesh has a firm texture, is rich, and has a distinctive but pleasant flavor. Among Italians, eels are very highly regarded, and Scandinavians cherish them dearly if they're smoked heavily and served on dark rye bread.

Then there is cod roe—and there's certainly a heap of roe in a female cod which lays three million eggs. Simmer the roe in water with salt and a couple of tablespoons of white vinegar. Then cool it, slice it, and fry in deep fat until golden brown. It has a strong fishy taste, but if you're a caviar fan you'll like it. Shad and herring roe may also be cooked this way.

If you'd care for an imposing array of simple and foolproof recipes the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa will be glad to oblige. Lately, it has been energetically compiling cookbooks and pamphlets because it is convinced that we'll eat more fish if we know how to cook it.

And if Canadians do eat more fish it will mean a better market for the billion and a half pounds of first-class food produced by our fisheries each year and a better livelihood for our ninety-three thousand fishermen and twenty thousand processing-plant employees. It will likewise add variety and nourishment to our national diet. ★

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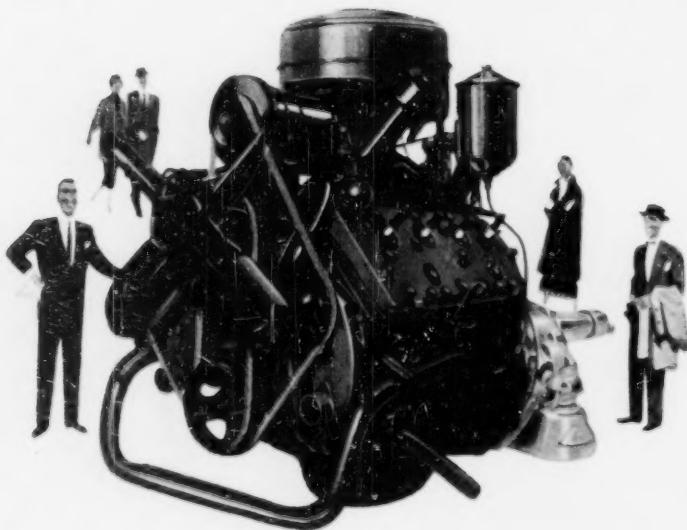
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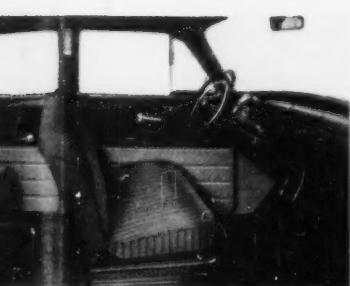
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The Nightmare Convoy

Continued from page 13

investigate. Five minutes later she sighted a U-boat on the surface about a mile and a half from the convoy, fired star shells (projectiles designed to burst in the air and drop a bright flare attached to a little parachute, thus lighting up the target) and followed with rounds of high explosive from her single four-inch gun.

The U-boat wasn't hit and at once crash dived, so Shediac moved in to make a depth-charge attack after finding the enemy by means of asdic—a detection apparatus that bounced echoes (they sounded like ping-pong balls being batted) from the hull of a submarine which would otherwise have been safely hidden in deep water. The attack failed and contact was lost soon before ten o'clock. Meanwhile the ships of the convoy had begun to fire snowflake rockets which gave much the same illumination as star shells and were used for the same purpose. And up and down the lines of merchantmen alarm gongs clanged and the crews of the one or two naval guns each ship carried went to their action stations, ready to shoot if the U-boat surfaced again inside the lumbering columns, now bathed in a light nearly as bright as day.

On the far side of ONS 154 the corvette Napanee, under the command of Lieut. Stuart Henderson, RCNR, fired star shells and quartered back and forth to see if the submarine had passed clear across the convoy underwater and was going to risk coming up to periscope depth for an attack. And at about 10.30 St. Laurent, whose radar had spotted a U-boat on the surface seven miles ahead of the convoy, increased her speed to twenty knots and dashed off to the hunt.

Napanee quartered in vain, the first U-boat commander having wisely decided to stay submerged and make himself scarce for a while. But the destroyer, overtaking the second U-boat about half an hour later and just after the Nazi had dived, made asdic contact and started to run in to drop depth charges.

Before St. Laurent could get directly above the submarine to do this the attacker suddenly and dramatically became the attacked. From a point beneath the surface half a mile off St. Laurent's port bow the hissing white track of a torpedo streaked straight at her across the black waves. The destroyer's wheel was put hard over and the torpedo raced along her flank, maybe a hundred feet away, and disappeared harmlessly into the night astern. And after that, although St. Laurent did her best to pick the enemy up again on asdic and hunted for another half hour, this U-boat disappeared too and the destroyer raced back to join the convoy.

By then it was close to midnight and ONS 154 was momentarily safe; darkness and quiet descended once more. St. Laurent's medical officer took advantage of this unexpected lull to enter in his diary his impression of the earlier alarm.

"The escorts scurried around according to a prearranged plan," he wrote, "while the convoy slowly plodded on. It reminded me of going for a walk with my dog. As I walk down the street he's all over the place, investigating this and that, and here and there leaving a 'calling card,' just as we left depth charges."

The lull ended abruptly a couple of hours later, at 2.05 in the morning of the 27th. One after another the thumping crash of torpedo hits sounded in the convoy and flames broke out on

four stricken merchant ships—the British Melrose Abbey, Empire Union and King Edward, and the Dutch Soekaboemi. All were hit within an hour and a half of the start of the attack and all sank quickly. The King Edward went down in less than two minutes.

While King Edward and the other torpedoed ships were sinking, the escorts were attacking the half-dozen or so submarines which had been lying in wait ahead of ONS 154 and now converged to strike. At about three o'clock St. Laurent sighted a U-boat on the surface (the sea was day-bright again with star shells, rockets, and the flames of burning ships) moving in fast on the convoy.

The destroyer opened fire first with her Oerlikons—20-millimetre automatic cannons—and then with her main armament of 4.7-inch guns. The U-boat, a thousand yards away, dived to periscope depth and kept on toward the convoy. But the destroyer closed in to drop depth charges and, although it is doubtful whether the submarine was actually sunk, that particular enemy gave no more trouble that night.

The other U-boats had lost their earlier advantage of surprise and were beaten off by the escort in a series of attacks which, like the destroyer's three o'clock fight, failed to sink a single submarine for sure. But they at least stayed off any further torpedoings and allowed the rescue ship Toward to pick up one hundred and sixty survivors and the corvette Napanee to save twenty more; so that the loss of life was kept down to about one man in five from the four sunken ships. (Because the available casualty lists of ONS 154 are incomplete only a rough estimate can be given.)

By dawn the Nazi wolf pack had gone off to gather on the surface, safely out of range, and wait for the other U-boats of the mid-Atlantic patrol which had been ordered by radio from Germany to join them.

Trouble was piling up like a thundercloud on the beleaguered convoy. Only St. Laurent and Chilliwack had so far been able to refuel. The tanker Scottish Heather had been torpedoed, but not sunk, soon after Chilliwack finished refueling, and had been forced to turn back to Britain. Napanee, Battleford and Shediac were running critically short of oil. Kenogami, whose radar had broken down the night before, had consequently gone on fewer fuel-consuming U-boat chases than her sister corvettes and still had a fair amount left in her tanks. The oil-starved escorts had to try to fuel as quickly as possible from the remaining tanker, E. G. Seuber.

Besides the threatening disaster by which three corvettes might soon find themselves drifting, their boiler fires dead and their engines stopped, what could well prove another tragedy was in the making. At six in the evening Napanee, which had stayed behind the convoy to protect the rescue ship and was eighteen miles astern, relayed a message from the master of that valiant little vessel to Lieut.-Comdr. Windeyer: "Have insufficient food and water for survivors now on board. Request another rescue ship be detailed." And in the whole of ONS 154 no suitable ship could be spared.

The piercing howls of St. Laurent's bridge phone started coming at shorter and shorter intervals as the operators reported the U-boats closing in again. This time there seemed to be twice as many as there had been the night before. A signal from Admiralty bore out this gloomy estimate and a further signal ordered the convoy's course altered sharply southward when dark came.



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Windeyer answered the alter-course order, which under the circumstances was wonderfully welcome to him, with one of the most remarkable signals of the war at sea: "To Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches, from St. Laurent: Psalm 119, Verses 97 and 98." And when the astonished and faintly outraged admiral opened his Bible to decode this cry from the deep he read, "O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day. Thou through Thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me."

Although the convoy was now in mid-Atlantic, too far out for protection by land-based aircraft from either Britain or Newfoundland, there was one last faint chance of help from the air. Among ONS 154's ships was the Fidelity, a special service vessel of the Royal Navy on her way to a secret mission in the south Atlantic. And Fidelity had aboard a small seaplane. If it could be flown that afternoon it might be able to find some of the U-boats which were following unseen below the edge of the horizon and force them to dive. This would slow them from their surface speed, potentially more than twice the convoy's seven knots, to a submerged crawl. ONS 154 could thus gain a little distance on its deadly pursuers, make a surprise turn under cover of darkness, and perhaps escape altogether for a few hours or the whole menacing night.

Windeyer accordingly signaled this plan to Fidelity, whose captain was at first unwilling to carry it out. Fidelity, a converted tramp steamer, had no flight deck; the only way of getting the seaplane into the air was to lower it over the ship's side by means of a derrick and leave it to take off from the sea. That would have been risky enough in mid-ocean even in a flat calm; but a rough wind was beginning to blow and the gale-made swells were still running high. Under those conditions, the captain of Fidelity felt, asking anyone to try was pretty much the same as asking them to commit suicide.

However, he eventually did ask and two officers at once volunteered. Both were Frenchmen serving in the Fleet Air Arm, one a black-haired young college student and the other a greying middle-aged dentist who had escaped from Nazi-occupied France by stealing an aircraft and flying it to England.

Just before sunset the plane was lowered and it taxied slowly across the choppy waves to a strip of sea made somewhat smoother by St. Laurent's having raced ahead and flattened it with her foaming passage.

Gathering speed the seaplane, with the dentist at the controls, roared along the destroyer's wake, skittering over the first few swells very neatly. Then came a swell higher and steeper than the rest—a hissing hillside already beginning to curl and break.

The little aircraft hit it with a splashing crash, nosed down, and drove straight on in. The landing lights were jarred on by the shock and for an instant the plane could be seen through the green water, with the Frenchmen still sitting in the cockpit, like a child's toy in a bright glass showcase. The lights went out, dusk cloaked the sea again, and there was no sound but the wind.

St. Laurent's wheel was put hard over and she nosed back to the place where the plane had crashed. It was now nearly eight o'clock, the sea was dark, and it took some time to spot the two heads bobbing in the water. Wind and current had swept the men half a mile apart. The destroyer was brought close alongside one man and he was pulled out of the water, a sea-

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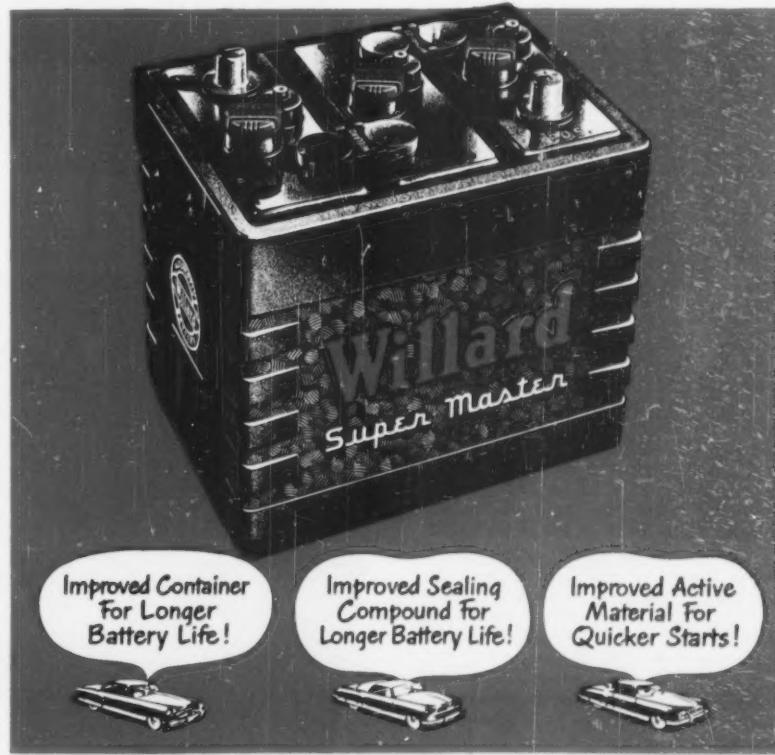
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boat was sent away to get the other. The two Frenchmen, alive and little the worse for their crash, were no sooner aboard St. Laurent than Fidelity reported by radio phone that her asdic had caught the sound of a submarine nearby. And two minutes later she reported her main engines were broken down.

St. Laurent had only time to make a hurried and fortunately successful effort to drive the U-boat off by dropping depth charges when an ominous signal came from Battleford. A little earlier this corvette, stationed ahead and to starboard of the convoy, had sighted something black and sinister outlined against a break in the clouds on the western horizon. She had instantly given chase and now identified the menace as the first of four surfaced U-boats, running in on ONS 154 in line-ahead formation, perfectly spaced one behind the other as if they had been on a peacetime exercise at high noon.

What happened then was told afterward in the terse report of Battleford's captain, Lieut. Fred Beck, RCNVR. "The nearest U-boat was trimmed down and soon dived. The second was difficult to see, being below the horizon and therefore not silhouetted. This was followed by radar only after the initial sighting. Fire was opened on the third and fourth U-boats . . . while the range was closed on a zigzag course. One U-boat was believed hit . . . but this claim was later withdrawn because of the lack of further evidence. U-boats three and four flashed Morse to each other and turned."

St. Laurent had overtaken the convoy, which was now being attacked from all directions at once. The time was 8.20, barely half an hour from the start of the attack, and already three merchant ships had been sunk. One of them went down with such shattering swiftness that the master of another merchant ship, passing the spot a minute later, reported that "only a few white star sparks were noticed on the edge of a large cloud of whitish smoke." He saw no wreckage.

It soon became clear that instead of fifteen U-boats which had been forecast in the gloomiest estimate there were certainly twenty, quite possibly twenty-five. One quarter of all Nazi submarines then in the Atlantic had gathered to attack a single convoy. To beat them off there were at first only St. Laurent and four corvettes. ONS 154 had made an emergency turn at dark and Battleford, then miles away and busy with her own fight, had not got the signal which ordered the turn. Consequently she had had to hunt blindly—her radar had failed—until she caught up again and so was missing from much of the main battle.

The rest of the vastly outnumbered escort raced in and out among the plodding columns, attacking where they could and turning from one enemy to engage another whenever the second seemed a greater threat. U-boats were everywhere. "At one stage," the captain of Shetland reported later, "torpedoes were so numerous in the convoy that the officer of the watch remarked, 'Here comes ours now, sir,' as if next week's groceries were being delivered."

Every merchant ship was firing snowflake rockets and these and the star shells fired by the escort lit the ocean all around. Most of the swarming U-boats had dived, but others took advantage of the light, stayed on the surface, and closed in on the ships they had chosen for targets. As they came, white streams of tracer bullets poured from the machine guns in their grey-green conning towers, crossing red-and-white answering streams of tracer from

escorts and the convoy, the slamming orange flashes of heavier guns and the immense livid blasts of torpedo hits. Pinpointing this gaudy nightmare were the little red lights on the lifejackets of men floating in the sea and the waving flashlights of men clinging to rafts or crowded into lifeboats.

The escort, fighting desperately, could do nothing for them. "Fortunately the water was warm, about sixty degrees," St. Laurent's medical officer wrote in his diary, "but I must say it is a terrible thing to have to pass survivors in the water and be unable

to pick them up." He added, sadly, "This was about the most demoralizing experience of all."

The rescue ship could do no more than the hard-pressed escort. So those who lived through these new sinkings (by ten o'clock four more merchant ships had gone down, bringing the night's total until then to seven) would have to be left to drown or die of thirst unless the rear ships of the columns could drop astern and pick them up, in the face of great difficulty and danger, as the convoy went slowly on into the dark.

When the attack ended a little before midnight as suddenly as it began another three ships had been torpedoed. In the four hours it had taken to drive them off the U-boats had sunk ten ships. This, the heaviest shipping loss in a single attack during the whole Battle of the Atlantic, might also have meant the heaviest loss of life. Instead, at least five hundred of the six hundred or more men of their crews were saved. The salt-stained and cockroach-ridden old tramps that brought up the rear of ONS 154 had done their work in spite of all.

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In the first light of morning on Dec. 29, Lieut.-Comdr. Windeyer on the bridge of St. Laurent took stock of the position. None of the escorts, every one of which had been repeatedly fired upon by surfaced U-boats and attacked with torpedoes from those underwater, had been even slightly damaged and none of their men had been wounded. But there were only thirty-one merchant ships remaining in the convoy out of the forty-six that had sailed. None of the U-boats had been sunk for sure, although in the excitement of the fight there were times when

captains had thought differently. The commander of one corvette signaled to St. Laurent, "Praise the Lord and pass the fuel oil: I got one of the bastards." Thus it was fair to suppose the Nazis had only hauled off to surface out of sight below the horizon astern for a day of fresh air and battery recharging and were following ONS 154 at their leisure to strike again when night came.

Three of the five corvettes had enough fuel to get the rest of the way across. But unless Battleford and Shediac got more oil they would have

to leave the convoy almost at once.

However, the prospect, bleak though it was, was still not hopeless. The Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches, had signaled during the night that two destroyers of the Royal Navy, Milne and Meteor, had been detached from a mid-ocean hunting group and would reinforce the Canadian ships at five o'clock that afternoon.

The two destroyers were right on time. Just as they approached the convoy Milne had four torpedoes fired at her in quick succession by a lurking U-boat—they all missed. At the same

time the escort's radar began to pick up numbers of other U-boats on the surface nearby. The newly arrived destroyers capped the bad news with a signal that their fuel was so low they would have to fall out again the following day.

All night the escorts crisscrossed through and around ONS 154, ready to head off the expected attack before it could develop. But no serious attack was made, although here and there a pattern of depth charges was dropped over a U-boat creeping under the convoy. Once again no submarines were sunk, or at any rate none whose destruction could then or ever be proved. Yet no merchant ships were sunk and no escort hit; so the night's work could be reckoned a success.

Next day, Dec. 30, ONS 154's situation became desperate. Milne and Meteor left the convoy at 10 a.m. Soon after that Shediac ran so short of oil she had to detach and head for Ponta Delgada in the Azores. And Battleford, almost but not quite as fuel-starved as her consort, left with her in case Shediac should run out of fuel altogether and have to be towed. This, in fact, happened next morning when the two corvettes were still five hours away from port.

Lieut.-Comdr. Windeyer signaled the convoy to make an emergency turn at dark. Then, he wrote in his official report, "I told Calgary (15 knots), carrying women, and children, and Advastus, to escape if in their judgment they had an opportunity. It should be borne in mind that at this stage I considered we were done for, that the departure of Milne, Meteor, Shediac and Battleford had been observed and that tonight would see our final carnage with only four escorts (St. Laurent, Chilliwack, Kenogami and Napanee) left to take the bowing."

At 7:30 p.m. St. Laurent's searching radar found a surfaced U-boat less than two miles ahead of the convoy. The destroyer raced at the enemy, who dived in time to avoid depth charges and was not seen or heard again. And this, which was thought merely the first U-boat of a great pack, turned out to be the only one. There were no more attacks.

At dusk on Dec. 31, after a quiet day of fair weather, HMS Fame joined ONS 154 from Newfoundland. Later HMS Mansfield, USS Cole and two ships of the Third Destroyer Flotilla also arrived, and on New Year's Day Commander Windeyer (he had been promoted that morning) handed over to the captain of Cole, who was senior officer of the new escort.

St. Laurent, Chilliwack, Kenogami and Napanee, their duty done, turned away and sailed for the Canadian Navy's Newfoundland base at St. John's.

Fourteen ships of the convoy under their charge had been sunk. More than one hundred merchant seamen had died. That was a disaster and a defeat. But thirty-one ships were brought safely into their North American port with two thousand people aboard them alive and well.

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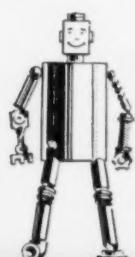
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The Lady in the Celeste

Continued from page 19

there to see the maiden sailing of the Celeste, a blockade-runner making for the Carolina ports with a fabulous cargo of Enfield rifles, Fawcett cannon and army shoes. To see the sailing clearly—and so talk with authority—Barnaby towered in the crowd on Redpath's Jetty, a pompous ball of a man with a pink moonface topped by his Sunday hat of wide-brimmed black felt. Even away from his Tavern he was not unconscious of his reputation as London's best Sea Informer and, when he observed the near presence of a dapper seafaring man, he unobtrusively adjusted the wings of his white-linen shirt collar which stood out under his ears like fallen staysails. He flicked at his frock coat which glistened like black iron and distinguished him in the crowd.

At first Barnaby took Audel for a high-blown mate, he was that young and truculent. He had not seen him before, which in itself was strange, and he moved inauspiciously toward him. A small, very old man standing in his way was taken by Barnaby's look of authority. The oldster touched his coat skirt.

"Wot be yu'm a-lookin'?"

Both Audel and Barnaby looked down at the old man. He was frail and shrunken and napless. He wore dusty trousers and a once-lavender coat.

"The Clipper," said Barnaby. "She goes out."

"Wot clipper?"

"Gaffer, you been in London and not know this clipper?"

The old man took on the cranky hauteur of senility. "Aye, I be in Lunnon three-and-eighty, an' that be a day longer nor yu! On Sundays reg'lar I cum to the River to spit, but this I never see!" He made an impatient half-gesture toward the women and children. Audel followed his gesture with a smirk.

"There's more of them than these," said Barnaby, laughing lightly. "Look ye at every wharf 'tween here and Woolwich! Look upriver to Blackwall! Over there at Hook Ness! What are they but to see the clipper? The Celeste—that's the name of the craft! She's going out and there's a Newnited States man-o'-war waitin' to sink her with cannon. And she without a pistol on her! These are here to give a cheer. And why? Dave and Goliath—that's what it is, gaffer."

The old man stared up at him confused. "Wot's the sinse of yu an' yur talk?"

"Here she comes plain. She walks like a fine lady."

The old man craned and watched. "Yu'm know 'er?"

"Summat," said Barnaby. "I know her master." There was pleasure in his voice.

The gaffer was pleased too, and his glance at Barnaby was admiring. "Yur not thinkin' o' danger?"

"None. He'll take her there and bring her back." Barnaby turned slightly so that Audel might hear him. "The master of yon ship is my son, gaffer."

"She be tryin' wi' no guns?"

"No guns. Nothing but her canvas and her engines and the wits of her humans. That will be enough."

Audel snorted and looked away.

"She be game," said the gaffer. "These a'gatherin' had no cheer."

"You don't always cheer, gaffer. Sometimes you pays only respect."

The old man looked blandly at Audel. "E pays no cheer an' no respeck."

"Like you, he may not know the clipper," mollified Barnaby.

"I know the vessel," said Audel sharply. "I know her to be a free-booting pirate carrying nothing more than profit for speculators. Who papped her master for command? An English moneybags who holds her charter? It's England's shame that permits this sailing, old man, for she's doing nothing more than arming common rebels. But she'll be taken. She'll be taken like twenty others that sailed since January. Don't let a land-lubbing tradesman who has a cheese in her make you think she deserves better than she'll get."

Barnaby bristled, and the old man stepped back amazed and confused by the stranger's violent bitterness. He looked up at Barnaby. "Ear 'im now!"

Here was a toplofty bantling that needed reefing! Barnaby at once put him down for a self-esteeming New Englander and possibly one of the many Yankee waterfront spies who begrimed any sailing to the Confederacy. He was a challenge to a man of Barnaby's proportion and the innkeeper feinted for an opening. The Yankee was hardly more than thirty and fopp'd in clothes of foreign cut, like his throat-fluff of double-faced satin. His frock coat was of dove broadcloth and his trousers were strapped under soft-leathered shoes.

"Are you a seafaring man?" asked Barnaby.

The American looked at him coldly and twitted himself erect in an aloof silence. The snub stirred Barnaby's anger and, hands aback, he fronted the man. "Now I'll take it that you know nothing of ships or sailings. However, if this sailing concerns you, I'll stanch your talk with fifty pounds that she'll anchor in the Thames before the first of July. I'll give you fifty more that her passage will be quick and safe enough to be named one of the bullion-carriers that carry Confederate gold to the Bank of England. Have you nerve to say you dare?"

Audel glared at him. Heads in the crowd turned anxiously, and rough tradesmen, cordwainers and blacksmiths in their stiff Sunday clothes peered quarrelsomely at the American and backed the challenge.

Audel unconcernedly jutted his head. "And who will fund you when you lose? Who are you, man?"

"Walk the docks and ask the whereabouts of the Sea Captain's Tavern," said Barnaby. "Ask for the Sea Informer. If you come in July with a hundred pounds to pay the wagers I'll present you to my son, master of yonder ship."

Audel smiled. "To see such a master adds a fillip to the wager. Of course I'll take it! I'll come in July for my hundred pounds and find you in mourning. The ship will be part of the Federal Navy and your son, without a command, will come back from jail to carry the Christmas slops for you!"

CAPTAIN AUDEL came to the Sea Captain's Tavern before the first of July. He came in late June and the premature sight of him roused Barnaby's consternation. Did it mean that the Celeste had been taken?

"Have you news of the Celeste?"

Barnaby was surprised and relieved. Plainly, the American had none. "Not since she sailed from Charleston. She made Nassau the twenty-eighth on her out-cruise, tracked the whole passage by a Federal said to be the Fort Jackson which almost closed with her in the Sargasso. She went into Charleston without trouble. She sailed on the night of four June, carrying twelve passengers and cotton, and a cargo of



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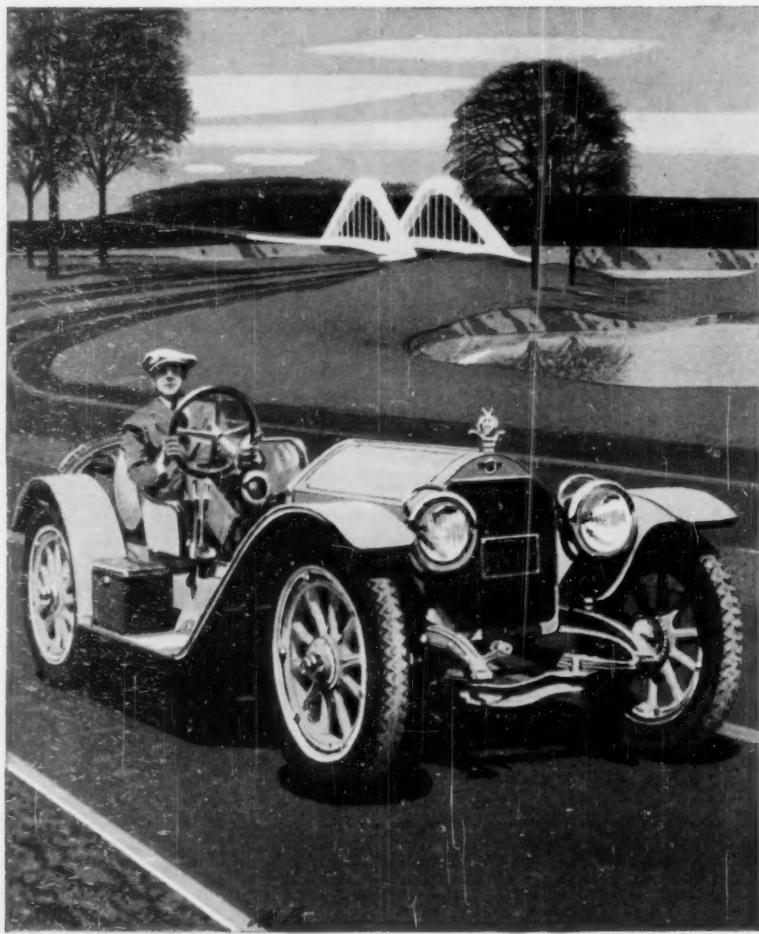
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bullion which, the London papers say, is fifteen million dollars. There is no report the Federals got her and she hasn't been spoken since. She should be nearing England."

It was a fair sample of the Sea Informer's service but the young captain showed no apple-cheeked gratitude for the information. "She had better be!" he said.

Barnaby was nonplussed by the remark that sounded like a vague threat, and by the astounding oddness of Audel hoping for the safe return of the Celeste. Before he could properly assess either, Audel walked out.

But he came again the next day, and every day thereafter. He was fidgety and brooding and he chose for himself a table in one of the far bays.

Each passing day it became more plain that Audel wanted the Celeste to arrive and, adding to that topsy-turvy, the look of tyranny in his eyes indicated that he was insanely holding the innkeeper responsible for her safe arrival.

"You are uncommonly interested in the Celeste, Cappun," said Barnaby after he reported that the Sea King had sighted the clipper off the south coast of France. "You wagered that she would not arrive. Now what?"

"I'll pay your wager," said Audel. He looked up with sullen sheepishness. "I have cargo aboard. A passenger."

"Oh. The passenger is a lady?"

"To be my wife within an hour after she arrives. She was taken off a United States ship by a Confederate privateer and landed in Charleston."

"Oh. So that's it! Luck, sir!"

"Luck? Luck for you!" Like a man daft, like an unreasonable tyrant on his quarterdeck ordering the impossible, Audel pointed his finger at Barnaby. "You said your son was her master. If you've bred something less than a first-class sailor I'll have your neck for it! I, personally, here in this tavern, will have it if news comes that she has been taken. Understand?" He stared threateningly at the innkeeper like a reasonless mastiff.

It was a foolish threat, and that time the man may have been touched with his rum, but the news of the ladylove made a wake of quiet water. Barnaby afterwards approached him with humorous contempt and when, the next day, word came through one of the Sea Informer's many channels that the Celeste had been sighted off Contentin being chased to sea by a Federal, he gave Audel the news with teasing cheerfulness.

"I have no fret for her," said Barnaby elated that he could now humble the American with paternal soothing. "She's as good as in the Thames. She'll come 'tween Herm and Sark in the Guernseys and, with luck and darkness, she'll be anchoring within two days. Your ladylove will disembark safely and you'll have your comfort."

Captain Audel frowned darkly. "Keep your legs and your advices in your galley, mughouse keeper!"

With intent to belittle the man for his impudence, Barnaby led four hard-caulked Irishmen into the bay and put them within irritable distance at a table near the American. They were rough mariners of Dingle and Bolus and Bantry, masters all, who ever stood to sea without hope of peace from God or crews. Their leathery faces regarded the young captain indifferently, each drinking his poteen from the bottle without the kiss of a glass. And a Dundee Scot came in, and Barnaby put him at another table in the bay, sitting him where the Scot could stare—dour and aloof—holding his glass like a skean dhu, matching the American's arrogance. When old

Captain Sanches providentially appeared, Barnaby's whimsy was complete.

He recognized the eccentric mariner as he stalked in the door with the air of a grandee. His snow-white hair, spiked beard and the patrician gauntness of his face gave him a fading sovereign tone. His apparel looked somewhat rough-handled, but he carried his cane with the flair of a rapier. Barnaby met him at the bar counter.

"Welcome board, Cappun Sanches."

"You know me!"

"Aye! No sail once clears this bar and comes again without my knowing her, Cappun. A shame for the reef off Terceira."

"You know that too?"

With the neck of a bottle of amontillado in one hand and a glass in the other, his elbows extended like studding booms, Barnaby piloted the old captain into the bay and sat him at the very closest table to Captain Audel. Sanches first looked at the Irishmen delightedly and smiled at Barnaby.

"Cut-throats, God bless them!"

His eyes twinkled at the Scotsman sitting alone. "He is wanting two or three of his Tay countrymen to blow away his sadness." He pointed at Audel. "Who is that, Barnaby?" he said loudly.

The Sea Informer waved his hand downward cordially. "Cappun Sanches Cappun Audel!"

"Captain of what? A river boat? He's a boy!"

Audel frowned in silence, fingering his glass.

Barnaby answered Sanches. "Of the Sharpspur, a clipper building at Gravesend. No small craft. She's a three-master. Steam and sail. One of the new iron hulls. For the Boston-Liverpool trade."

"Oh God!" said Sanches disdainfully, turning away.

He applied himself to the amontillado and, with lips and gullet wet, showed his pleasure that he had the attention of everyone in the bay. He spoke out confidently. "The stout of the sea are gone. No wars. No seas for piracy. And why? Because the damned merchants have stopped it! To win riches with a cutlass was too much for their landlubber chicken hearts. Look at you! Harp men, Barnaby! Their stock is dying out. Call them robbers, thieves, smugglers, but—they sail for themselves! Not in the hire of a shipowner! Stout buccaneers, Barnaby! And yonder boy-captain? You say he has master's papers! Scut! He looks more like a swain looking for a lady."

The lucky thrust delighted Barnaby. He folded the fat spars of his forearms across the bulge of his chest and looked around innocently. "Perhaps! Perhaps he is, Cappun Sanches, and that is claim on your gallantry. Before the week is out his lady will come in and there will be a marriage before his own ship is ready for canvas."

Captain Sanches was taken aback. He smiled and raised his glass to the American. He spoke gently now, kindling friendship. "Taking a wife is a strange unreasoning thing for a sailor. Mad as the dance of a godwit! But—I wish you luck, sir!"

The Irish masters grinned, raised their bottles an inch and thumped them down. The Scot nodded his head, his eyes twinkling at the sullen embarrassment in the American's face. Sanches held their whole agreeable attention as if they were mesmerized, and Barnaby was pleased by Audel's obvious annoyance which he showed by continuing his pigheaded silence. Sanches baited him further.

"Your lady comes from Carolina? That's in the South. Is she a spy? *Continued on page 50*

Who owns the Nickel Company?



"It's this way, son. Suppose you want a bobsled but haven't enough money to buy one. But you and Jack and Tom among you can raise the necessary cash. So you buy the sled, and all go coasting together."

"Well, no one person owns the Nickel Company. It's owned by a great many people. Each owns a certain share."



"Do you have to be rich to get a share?"

"No, the Company is owned by many people like Doctor Smith and Mrs. Munroe, and the grocer and the street car conductor. No one owns more than a very small part."



"Have you a share in it, Dad?"

"No, son—but yet, in a way I have a share, too. I own life insurance to protect Mother and you. The money I pay to the insurance company each year is invested in many things, including shares in the Nickel Company. So actually Inco is owned by most everybody."



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Continued from page 48

Hmm. A master in the Boston trade takes a wife out of the slave-owning Confederacy. I like that! I can see you're not bound by the foolhardy notions of politicians that an enemy wench is no wench at all, that there is nothing beyond the battle trenches but rifles and cannon, horses and men." Sanches laughed and raised his glass again. "I toast your hold on a variety, sir! You have the makings of a pirate."

The lunacy plainly stung Audel but it was childish talk and he gave it nothing than more of his contemptuous

silence. Barnaby was disappointed that the bantering had not roused him. He left them.

The amontillado was almost gone when Barnaby came into the bay again. Sanches was talking in a fervid monotone and the innkeeper was at once taken by his friendly earnestness which seemed to warmly include Audel rather than harass him. The Irishman, the Scot, and the stony Audel attended the old mariner's liquid voice and none of them looked up. Barnaby resented the deep intrigue which held them to the madcap's phrasings, to the witless

story of his voyages. It was a gay reverie of departed heroism.

"The Fleet of Nelson is reduced to chasing common blackbirders! Scut! British merchantmen scurrying before Lincoln's ships because they carry a box of shoes for Lee's army! Where are the ships that sailed for gold? They're gone! Now men ship for pay—for pounds and shillings and pence agreed before they raise a sail."

The meanderings startled Barnaby and, petulantly, he folded his arms and grudgingly listened. The talk of the old fool was feverish and nonsensical and

getting out of hand. Barnaby had brought his oddest patrons to the bay to embarrass and discomfort the haughty Audel—and now the hounds were entertaining the fox! Was this an alehouse? Or was it the tavern of London's most respectable Sea Informer? Barnaby listened grumpily.

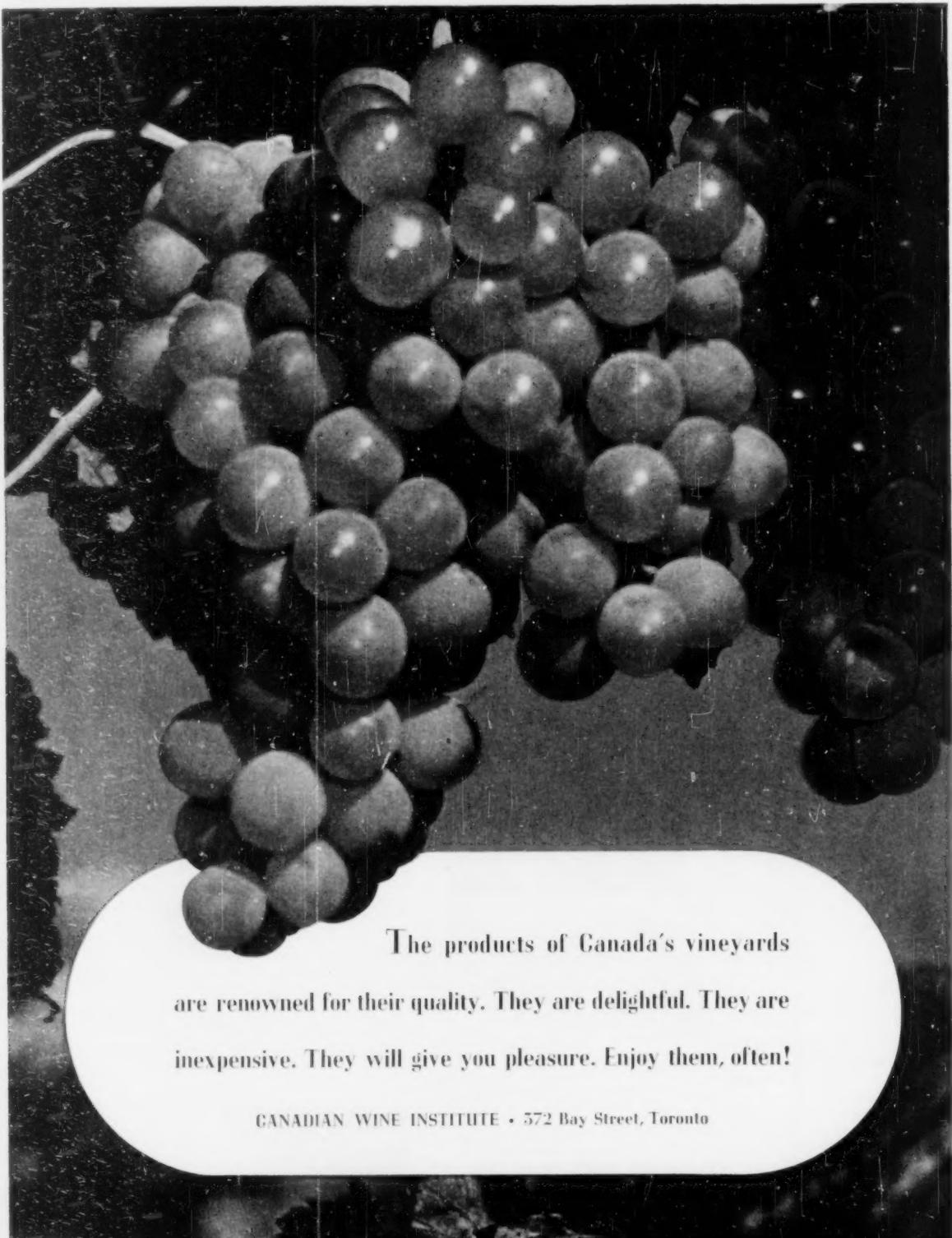
"It takes gold to lure adventure," continued Sanches, his eyes rifled on the Irish and the Scot. "Not gold paid out by a merchant at the end of a voyage, but uncounted gold in bars and chests, swirling in red and green jewels. Did I sail to carry a merchant's cheese to market? Scut! I and my mate Bonnel were pirates, the last aristocracy of the sea! We robbed heartily without quarter of lives or ships. Piracy made England great and gave her empire! But now, for a merchant's avarice a pirate is hanged!"

The Irish masters gawped. The Scotsman washed his mouth meditatively with his whisky, his eyes fixed on the old man. Even Captain Audel seemed drawn into the spell of the daft talk. It was high time for Barnaby to put in a check. He was resolved to let the gull-cub Audel see who held the tiller in the tavern. He broke into the conversation with feathering ridicule. "If your pirates were as brave as you say, Cappun, why have they scurried off the seas like rats before a terry dog?"

Sanches glanced up at him, startled.

"Mind you the Third Fancy of a man, Cappun?" Barnaby went on. "The First Fancy is the call of the sea. The Second is the call of a wife such as has touched Cappun Audel. The Third Fancy touches a man like yourself when he comes ashore and his ship goes out without him. With his last ship gone and old age gripping him the Third Fancy brings the wishful fire of things that never came true while he was sailing. It starts as a scheming to tell himself that his greatest voyage is yet to be sailed. It comes out of dying pride and rises like a whirling to gather him and all fools about him, raising his sights to new and greater heights. Now, I'll give you your Third Fancy, Cappun Sanches. In this week the clipper ship Celeste will be making the Goodwyn Sands and coming in the Thames. She's ready for ripe piracy, reputed to be cargoed with millions in bullion from the Confederate Treasury at Richmond, carrying it to the English banks for cargoes going out in the runners. She's unarmed. Now, there's a galleon for you! She'll have thrice the gold of a Spaniard two centuries ago. All that is needed is a crew that is worth its salt to take her. Take her in the Swatchway off Sheerness! Better, there's the quiet and lee of The Warp. Take her when she hauls to for a pilot within The Shingles! Tie up her master and crew and passengers, and take off the little kegs of Confederate gold. You can set it ashore and hide. Or you can make for the French coast. Or to America where the Yankees will medal you for the deed. It will be a fine thing to see the face of England when the news is spread! There'll be great hilarity from Land's End to the Border. Only Queen Vic will not smile. The Cabinet will fall for sure, and Palmerston will go down. Cappun Sanches will be the new mischief of history! Your Third Fancy! Here it is. Has it touched you, Cappun?"

Barnaby's mockery was cruel. Had he not done it so haughtily, with his head high and his eyes drifting in vanity to the far reaches of his inn he would have seen there was no amusement, no pleasure in the eyes of either the Irish or the Scot. If anything their eyes held steady on Sanches, hoping he would ignore him. But the old mariner sat straight to the table,



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erect in a pitiful wounded dignity, his slim hands resting on the arms of his chair. It was his black eyes that betrayed his wounding, that the shaft of the innkeeper's sarcasm had pierced through the amontillado. He arose silently, took his hat and gloves, and wearily walked across the open space to the door. Captain Audel looked up at Barnaby. The Irishmen stared at their bottles. The Scot sat fingering his glass, twisting it in the pool of its sweat.

In the evening when all of them were gone, and during the night and next morning, Barnaby tasted his failure. He knew he had woefully mismanaged, proved to be less than the peer of his shipmaster patrons. London's most respected Sea Informer had been wholly a common innkeeper. The blunder rankled, seared his pride and nagged at his prestige unmercifully. His spirit was still louring when, at noon, he saw Captain Audel facing him across the bar.

"Have you further news of the Celeste?" he asked.

"None. Channel fishermen may sight her today."

Audel stared at him, looked down at Barnaby's energetic glass-washing. "You stirred trouble yesterday, Barnaby Gutt."

"If Cappun Sanches is offended, it is wholly his own collision," said Barnaby stoutly. "A respectable proprietor must keep a sharp lookout for a man's megrims."

"Offend him? The offense is nothing."

The innkeeper was puzzled. "What then?"

"You made a most attractive offer of piracy. Dolt and rogues need somebody to show them the way and you did it nicely. I have long heard that Barnaby Gutt, the Sea Informer, could see more of the oceans than any master from his quarterdeck. Your sailing informations are widely known, but it startles me that you furnish data for the pillage of British ships. Even the command of your own son!"

Barnaby looked up, appalled. "A storm is brewing in your own mind, Cappun."

"And in the minds of the Irishmen and the Scot!"

"No. They have already sailed. They know the man is daft, almost blind." Barnaby calmed. "Your anxiety for your lady forgets that the frigate Sandspur patrols The Warp and the entrances."

"I'm aware of that," said Audel quietly. His cavalier pause irritated Barnaby. "The Irish and the Scot had clearance for this morning, but they canceled. The Scot's vessel is the MacAlice. She moved down the River and is anchored below Woolwich."

"Probably waiting for delayed cargo," said Barnaby.

"Both the Irish and the Scot? The Irish barque is down there too." It burrowed Barnaby that this man knew so much, small facts which the Sea Informer should have had firsthand. As he rubbed at a tankard glass he could not ever recall having been so repeatedly mauled by a patron. Then the young captain's voice sliced deeper.

"The frigate Sandspur is not on patrol at the mouth of the Thames. She anchored in Blackwall last night. She was fired by river pirates! Small damage, but she'll be at the dockyard—not in The Warp—for a week!"

Barnaby tried to hide his consternation at this news and he kept his head down. At most, he tried to tell himself, these events were peculiar; they were coincidences, and the insinuations were the American's. He felt a gorged of exasperation. "Those fuddleheads are not capable of piracy," he said desperately.

"But you made it so ridiculously easy! You showed all of us how vulnerable is the Celeste. Canny of you to think of it." Audel paused and looked down at his glass. "Why you have done this to your son is no concern of mine, but if my Betsy is troubled or hurt, may God have mercy on your soul!"

At noon the Irish masters came again, lumbering in with a sham of carelessness. Barnaby tried to lead them off to a table in another bay but they ignored him. They bullishly walked to their chairs of yesterday.

Presently the Scot came. Captain Audel, at his table, watched these in-sailings grimly. Passing, Barnaby mustered a wishful thought and whispered it down to him. "Cockerels without heads, Cappun. I don't look for Sanches."

But Sanches came, and this time there was no posing on the dais, no waiting at the bar for his amontillado. He came to his table with the directness of a prime minister and nodded to everyone before he sat down. He leaned forward eagerly.

"The Celeste was sighted in the lee

of St. Helier at dawn," he announced. "She's lying to, hiding from two Federals. One of them is waiting for her in the Channel, the other feeling for her along the French coast. Our plan is worth a try! Worth a try indeed!" His face had a maniacal glistening.

Barnaby broke into the conversation. "The Warp is patrolled!"

The Irish masters looked up and laughed and the Scot smiled. Sanches regarded him as if marking him for a fool. He ignored the remark and sat up to the table.

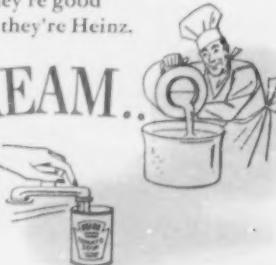
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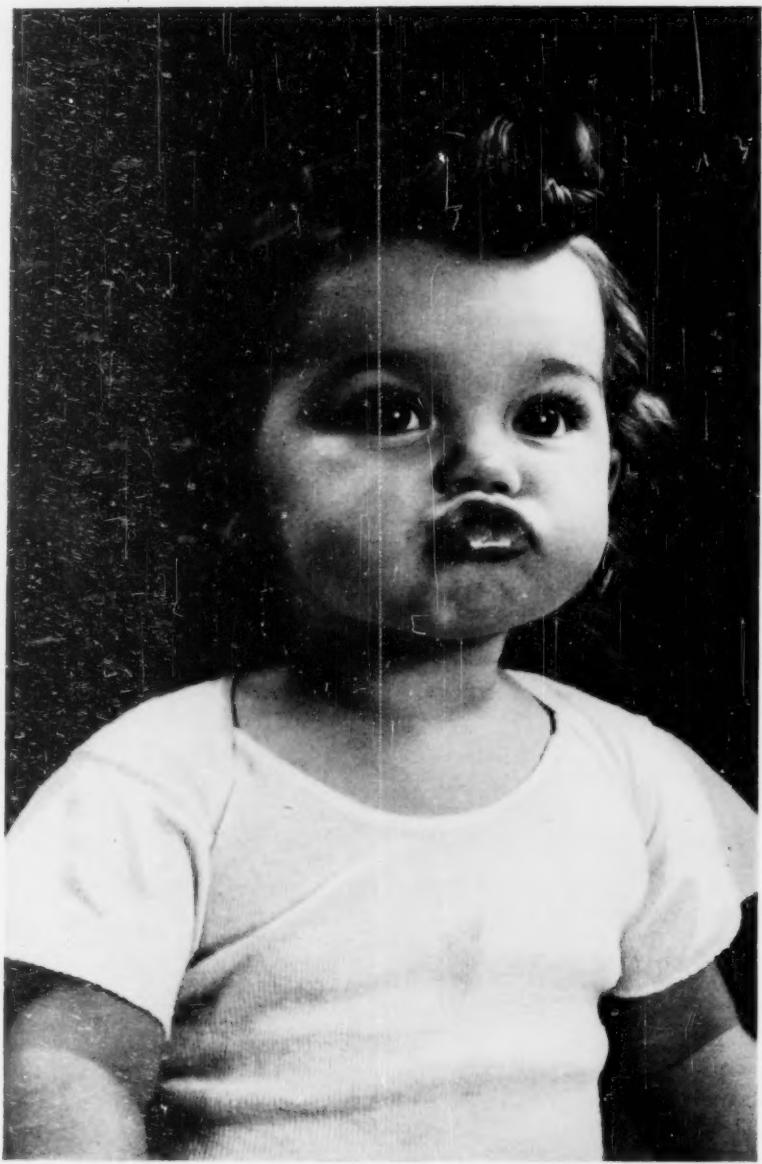


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"She will not come into the Channel until nightfall. She'll come round the Goodwyns in the moonlight and come into The Cut on the tide before dawn. She will lie to then, and wait for daylight. *Then!*" He half rose from his chair, his eyes firing. His voice shook off its stealth and he talked on through a rippling of mirth. "What a surprise for England! What laughter in the land with our brave admirals off in the South Atlantic! And mind Queen Vic, Captain Audel! Her wig and crown will slip down over her eye! And you, innkeeper, will have a crowded tavern. Crowded with police poking into the nest of Sanches, the last pirate of England!"

A shiver trembled Barnaby. The plot was preposterous but, helplessly, he saw idiocy transforming itself into reality. He watched the face of Sanches become suddenly sober and the old mariner reached for his glass. He raised it before his eyes, gave it prayerful attention, and downed it. He pushed back his chair and arose. "We'll meet here at six. Sharpen your cutlasses! See that every craft is provided with boarding hooks! I'll have the charts." He left the Tavern. It was not yet two o'clock. The Irish masters went out shortly thereafter, and the Scot dallied and muttered whispers for another half hour.

When they had gone Captain Audel brought his glass to the bar, and stood there in tantalizing silence.

"Tis no concern of mine," said Barnaby sulkily.

"Your plot is a good one," said Audel. "I cannot see how it will fail."

"It is not my plot!" protested Barnaby hotly.

"You set them on their course. That the officials will quickly discover. And you'll hang! However, your memory will be green in sea tales. No father ever scuttled the vessel of his own son!"

Audel's nagging was persecution and Barnaby, exasperated, put on his wide-brimmed hat and iron-black coat and went out into the street. He walked slowly in the dock lanes, hands aback, mulling the fine predicament of London's most prolific Sea Informer. With a thousand winds of information whispering dangers to his ears, he was on a lee shore. Oh, but wait! Hold now! Was he? The Sea Informer's winds of information could blow both ways! A scheme to save himself limned in his mind.

THE USUAL patronage of masters, Fleet officers and shipowners passed the bar counter that evening. Barnaby had less than the usual attention for them. His counsel to departing ship captains was hasty and distracted. The Irish masters arrived. Sanches came in with a fold of charts in his hand and the Scot came minutes afterwards. The far bay of tables was again occupied as it had been in the afternoon, each at his own. No other patrons intruded except an unassuming pair of odd burly-browed creatures who looked like an unmatched brace of sheepdogs. They were dressed in rough weathered tweeds, each with his jaw perched in a jut, quarreling with each other in a hoarse rasping as if they were talking in a gale. They sat at the remaining table, well away.

Sanches spread a chart before him on the table. Barnaby at once saw the little telltale fakings of a man whose eyesight was almost gone, for his finger traced a course that ran without sense across coastal markings, meandered to starboard and larboard where the black outline of the Thames made no turn at all. Then the mariner, satisfied, folded the chart and poured a glass of wine. "First, we'll agree on our departures and rendezvous."



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Everyone quickened and even the tweedy characters looked up from their quarreling. Arms folded, Barnaby stood close to Captain Audel's table. He stood calmly, once again the unharassed Sea Informer. Under him he was amused by the pulsing flare of the young captain's nostrils. The cockatoo was alarmed, and his eyes were sharp and wild. Here was the measure of the Gascon! He was close to panic. And fear. The gale of moonshine piracy was too much for the cardboard quarterdecker. Barnaby watched him and prized his crumbling.

Stooping, he spoke softly into his ear. "Pity the man is daft, Cappun. The Third Fancy is on him."

"Fancy to be damned!" Audel looked up furiously. "They have already formed their plan!"

"It won't come to pass," said Barnaby serenely. "I am not a man to allow piracy under my nose."

Enraged by the innkeeper's apparent dullness, Audel jumped to his feet in a temper. With his violent rising the tableau was shattered. One of the pair of tweedy men, half-rising and with his body tensely sprung on the balls of his feet, whipped a knife through the air.

It struck Sanches fairly high in the chest. An explosion of shouting and commotion brought all the patrons in the tavern to their feet. The homepun rivermen leaped over chairs and tables and ran for the door. The Irishmen tried vainly to cut them off in an unearthly crashing of bottles and barkings of Gaelic blasphemy. Then, for no reason except the clear escape of the rivermen, a murderous brawl broke out between the Scot and the Irish.

In the confusion Sanches sat stiffly to the table. His head was lowered in a wistful pitiful dignity, his eyes blackly limpid as if daydreaming, as if the tavern were deathly quiet. His long gentle fingers touched the hilt of the knife in his reddening throat-silk. Barnaby and Captain Audel slipped him to the floor.

"Only a pink, Captain," he said sleepily. "No harm. I can breathe and spit and talk." His eyes fired happily. "I should have had that man for my crew! Bonnel would have had him! A man who can throw a knife like that deserves a share. Get him to join! Ask the innkeeper who the knifeman is, Captain!"

With an accent of pride Barnaby spoke down to him. "Known to the coasters as The Sheep, Cappun. He's a tide-trader who does night-sailing in laces and wines without the blessed stamp of the customs. Dependable with dispatches too, for them that have secrets. And gold transfer. It's in The Warp of the Thanes that he hides his craft."

"How did he happen to be here?" asked Audel frowning.

Barnaby drew himself up. "Service of the Sea Captain's Tavern, Cappun. I let The Sheep know that an attempt at piracy in The Warp would ruin his trade and privacy. Perhaps I told him that he would be first suspected. But, as I told you from the start, Cappun, there was no need for it. The piracy would never have come off. The Celeste slipped into Southampton this afternoon. Your lady is here—or there!"

Audel quickly settled Sanches to the floor and got to his feet. "I must be off!"

"Avast! There's the wager owing me."

Frowning and hesitating, Audel reached for his wallet. Barnaby stooped to Sanches and, with a high-handed mien meant for Audel, he stuffed the pound notes into the pocket of the old mariner. ★

London Letter

Continued from page 4

a nice quiet grave. Stalin had to go on with his world revolution; nor was he daunted by what he saw. Asia was in flames, China had gone Communist, Burma was in revolt, Nehru's hour had come in India, Japan was groveling in the first defeat of her history, Palestine and the Arab States had taken to the knife, Egypt was swollen with foreign money and home-made nationalism, Persia was erupting. Roosevelt, whose spirit had done so much to sustain Stalin in the dark days of the war, had proved a gullible innocent in conference. The Balkans were in the maw of the Russian grip and Eastern Germany was a Russian satellite. Britain was virtually bankrupt, France was bled white, and Italy was there for the picking. What did the millions of Russia's wartime dead matter against such a blessed outcome?

Now the world would hear the crack of the Russian whip! Now they would see whether Britain would try to maintain her traditional policy of denying a warm-water port to Russia. The Kremlin had become the palace of victorious Communist imperialism. What dreams Stalin must have had! It must have overjoyed his heart to see the British Empire breaking up before his eyes. India, that proudest gem in Britain's crown, had become a republic with a hostile Pakistan glaring furiously across the misshapen frontier carved with such indecent haste. Burma, which had been defended with so many British lives, was free for opportunism and corruption.

Round One to the Greeks

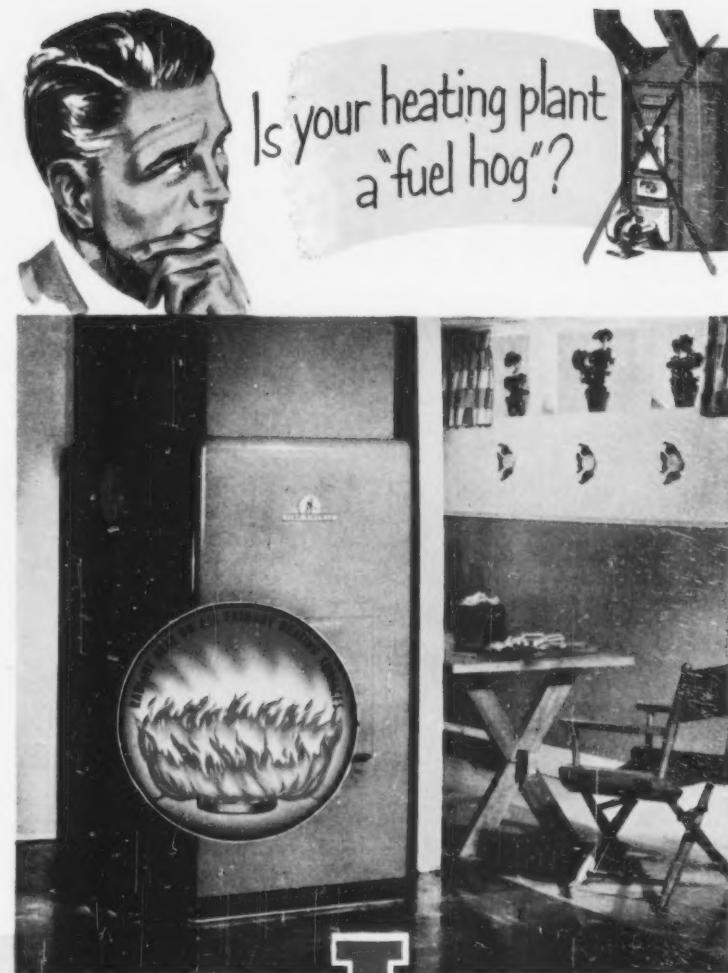
The only great nation which had emerged stronger from the war was the United States of America, but why should Stalin doubt that the fondness which Roosevelt had shown toward him—not only the fondness but the trust—would be continued by Truman, especially as Churchill was no longer in a position to fortify his spirit?

I can easily imagine Stalin looking out from the windows of the Kremlin and saying: "By the spring of 1952 the world will be ours for the taking. Those countries which have not succumbed to Communism by that time will fall to the Russian sword." Yet here it is—springtime 1952, and we are still alive. If this indeed was Stalin's calculation I suggest he made the same mistake as Hitler in overestimating the effect of fear, and underestimating the strength of the human spirit.

We always forget the Greeks so easily, yet not only did they fight Italy in the last war but took on Germany as well. Their heroism is almost as great as their incapacity for stable government. But after the long occupation of the Germans had ended they fought the Communist rebellion that was to put Greece in the bag. That was blow number one for Stalin.

Then who would have thought that Tito, the plump wonder boy of Communism, would turn against Russian imperialism and not only defy Stalin but mock him? Yet the fury that came from the Kremlin was directed not at Yugoslavia, but at the other satellites—Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Rumania—for fear another Tito would arise.

Stalin was losing face, a dangerous loss for a semi-Oriental. Something had to be done to show the world who was master, something dramatic, ironic and humiliating—but short of war. So Russia closed the roads supplying the allied zones in Berlin. The Anglo-American reply was as swift as a



Iron Fireman

fuel-saving RADIANT FIRE



Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner will modernize your present heating plant. Or you can install an Iron Fireman furnace or boiler with built-in Vortex burner.



Iron Fireman radiant gas burner will convert your present heating plant to efficient gas heating. Several models of gas-fired furnaces and boilers are available.



Coal-Flow stoker feeds coal direct from bin; no coal handling. Install in your present heating plant. Iron Fireman coal furnace and boiler units have built-in Coal-Flow stokers.

If your present heating plant is inefficient and wasteful, or if you're not getting fully modern heating comfort in your home, get the facts regarding Iron Fireman equipment. Users of Iron Fireman oil, gas and coal burners and automatic furnaces and boilers report fuel cost savings of 15% to 30%, compared with former heating methods. But that's only part of the story. An Iron Fireman unit gives you luxurious, dependable heating and solid comfort, day and night. It will pay you to get full information NOW, without cost or obligation. Send coupon for booklet.

"MORE HEALTHY ATMOSPHERE" say Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McKay, 942 Seventh Ave. East, Owen Sound, Ontario. We would like to tell you how much enjoyment we are getting in using our Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner. The house is now always at an even and desired temperature—a more healthy atmosphere in which to live. When we compare our oil bills with friends who are using other types of oil burners, we feel the Vortex burns less oil than any other burner on the market.

Mail coupon for booklet or write
for name of nearby dealer

Iron Fireman equipment sold in Canada is made in Canada.



Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.
80 Ward St., Dept. 53, Toronto, Ontario.

Send free booklet, "Magic of the Fuel-Saving Radiant Fire."

Name _____

Address _____

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AUTOMATIC FIRING FOR HOMES, BUILDINGS, INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

Don't risk ROAD RAVAGE* when
**SPRING PUTS YOUR CAR
 IN A MUD-BATH!**



**Simoniz® protects your car finish
 up to 6 months and longer**

**New speedy method makes
 SIMONIZING easier—anyone
 can do it in less than 2 hours.**

"Thin Skin" liquid car waxes just can't protect your car's finish through Spring's tough weather. They contain so little *real* wax, they can't possibly resist the gritty, abrasive action of mud and dirt. They fail to protect finish from pelting rains that expose your paint job, make rusting possible.

Only tough SIMONIZ stops Road Ravage—seals out all "dirt, dust, traffic film, road scum. SIMONIZ is so durable it actually lasts up to 6 months and longer!

So don't waste time and money on "Thin Skin" liquids. Protect your car up to 6 months with SIMONIZ. Thousands find they can now SIMONIZ their cars in less than 2 hours. For complete protection all Spring—SIMONIZ today!

IMPORTANT! It is necessary that your car be clean first. For best results clean with easy-to-use SIMONIZ LIQUID KLEENER.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ!

**Why "Thin Skin" liquid
 waxes can't stop
 ROAD RAVAGE**



In a whole container of liquid car wax there is less than a spoonful of *real* wax—the rest is just liquid. No wonder they fail to give lasting protection! But Simoniz is *not* a liquid. Every can contains 100% tough, durable Simoniz. That's why it lasts so long—protects up to 6 months.



thunderclap upon a flash of lightning. With a roar of engines the airlift began, costly, cumbersome, but decisive. The West had defied Stalin for the first time, and Stalin drew away to nurse his injured pride.

Where could he find solace for his self-esteem? Above all where could he display the might of Russia without involving her in a world war? The answer was Korea!

General MacArthur told me in New York that the North Korean Army was the best-trained and best-equipped military unit he had ever fought against. The Russians had done a wonderful job in preparing this formidable army and so were certain that, by the time the Western nations could make up their minds, South Korea would be overrun and there would no longer be a divided state. The whole thing was to be a dynamic exhibition of Russia's strength, without the loss of a single Soviet soldier. And what a strategic jewel Korea would be in the hands of Russian stooges. Korea was a prize in herself, as well as a Communist demonstration of strength. But the United Nations, under the courageous impetus of the United States, acted with incredible swiftness.

We cannot yet see the end of the tragic story but Stalin had suffered his fourth great humiliation. Greece, Tito, the Berlin airlift, Korea. The Communist dream of world conquest was paling beneath the morning light of reality.

Yet Stalin had two great hopes—Persia and Egypt. If only the anti-British outburst could be sustained in those two countries then surely the doors would be opened to Russia. The British bungled the Persian affair and the American intervention did not help much for, when it comes to oil, the selfish interests of competitive capitalism are apt to forget the primary importance of politics.

But, with all their fumbling and bungling and in spite of the half-hearted split-minded intervention of America, the oil did not gush and the financial situation of Persia became more and more difficult.

If Persia failed the Russian dream there was still Egypt. This was, however, quite another matter. You might argue for or against British imperialism in Persia but when it comes to the Suez canal, without which our ships would have to make the long voyage round the Cape, that is something of a very different complexion. The British acted swiftly, harshly, mercilessly. This was a threat to Britain's sea power and that is something which Britain will take from no country. Seldom has a great power used its strength with so little regard for the susceptibilities of a smaller power, but the patience of the British lion had come to an end.

There must be a dangerous interval between the writing of these words and their publication but I make this prophecy—that both Persia and Egypt will come to terms with Great Britain. If I am proved right then Russia will have lost two sources of great hope. The truth is that, while both Persia and Egypt deeply resented what they called the imperialism of the Anglo-American alliance, neither was willing to accept Russian Communism as an alternative.

Thus we come to this significant paradox, that while many of the smaller nations are in revolt against the Victorian conception of imperialism they are reluctant to accept Communism as a substitute. This may be of small encouragement to the Western capitalist world but, equally, it supplies little inspiration to the lonely man in the Kremlin.



But Stalin, in spite of his years, is still one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of the political leaders of the world. Unlike Churchill and Truman he does not have to answer to parliament for his actions. He can switch and change at will, regardless of public opinion. Therefore, out of the blue, he went back on everything he had said previously and offered Germany the chance to reunite.

I speak with some knowledge when I declare that this decision startled every foreign minister in the Western world. Supposing Stalin was sincere—and otherwise why should he make the approach?—why should he take the risk of a united Russia-hating Germany?

Yet it was not so puzzling since Stalin is above all a realist. Why not give up the idea of conquering Europe in view of the indisputable fact that Western military and oceanic power made such a conquest a highly problematical affair? Why not lull the West to sleep? Why not by sweet reasonableness persuade it to leave Asia to the Russians? Stalin the gambler was running out of chips but there was always the chance of *le grand coup* if the remaining chips were put on the winning number—in other words Asia.

Nor did Stalin's swift brain end there. With the genius of a man who by his own gifts rose to the dictatorship of imperialist Russia, he changed his strategy with a swiftness that was only equalled by its cynicism. Hitherto he had looked upon the hungry territories of the world as a breeding source for Communism, providing they remained hungry. Suddenly, Russia started to export foodstuffs to every country and territory (within the Russian zone of influence) that needed them. "We bring you peace and good will and food," cried the Russians. "We are the peacemakers."

The menace of the Kremlin, the threat of the Red Army, the implacable severity of imperialist Communism had resolved into a broad humanity which offered food to the hungry. As politics it was brilliant, although perhaps a little late.

It is not in my power to see beyond the ranges and to tell you what is buried there. My only purpose is to remind you how startlingly the strategy of imperialist Communism has changed in the last year.

From a military standpoint it seems quite clear that Russia has lost (if we may borrow the term from the U.S.) the primaries. Second, it would seem equally clear that the nations which live under the heel of capitalism are not eager to exchange their known hell for the unrevealed delights of a Communist heaven.

There I shall leave it. But may I remind you once more this is spring-time 1952? ★

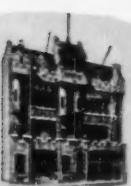


Canadian Apples are noted the world around for their delightfully clean taste.



Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"For clean taste... look to Canada"



"Say 'Canada' and you think of sparkling clear air; of swift-running waters; of sun-drenched farms and orchards. It seems only natural, then, that there should be an especially clean taste to so many of the good things from this favoured land."

* * *

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian

scenes and Canadian food specialties. They are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram

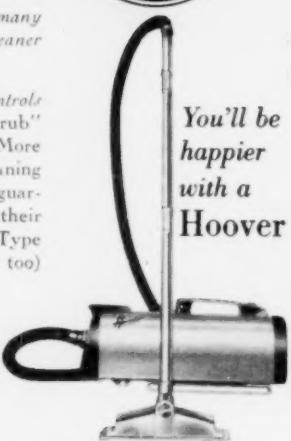


All you do is press the handy lever!

But this revolutionary Dirt Ejector is only one of many new things that make the Hoover Tank-Type the cleaner of the year!

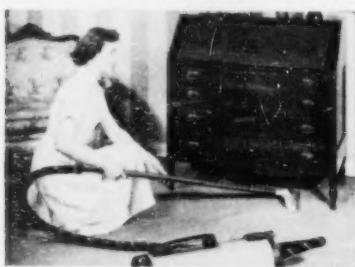
A new kind of nozzle (called the "Litter Gitter") controls the suction so you don't have to bear down and "scrub" your rugs. Less wear on rugs; less work for you! More than 7' of flexible extension hose makes using the cleaning tools so very easy. Many other special features—all guaranteed by Hoover's 45 years of helping women make their housework easier. See the great new Hoover Tank-Type Cleaner (The famous Hoover Triple-Action Cleaner, too) at leading stores everywhere.

THE HOOVER COMPANY LIMITED
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada



Hoover Model 408

comes complete with cleaning tools in handy kit



Under Low Furniture Hoover Tank-Type Cleaner, Model 408, is ideally suited to the home with heavy, low furniture. "Litter Gitter" floor and rug nozzle reaches 'way back. Requires only 4" clearance. Whisks away clinging threads and lint with minimum effort.



For Lamps and Tables Included in the Hoover Cleaning Tool Kit are especially-designed brushes for lamps, drapes, upholstered furniture— for bare floors, crevices and walls. All combine to make above-the-floor dusting a pleasure rather than a chore.



AMONG THE MISSING!

the valuable clothing and belongings you didn't mark with

Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-So Cement. From your dealer, or

Cash's

Belleville 15, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES 3 doz. \$1.80 9 doz. \$3.00 NO-So CEMENT 6 doz. \$2.40 13 doz. \$3.50 per tube 25c

RANGE-GREASE easily removed

Just apply Kleenoff, leave awhile and then wash off. It's so easy!

Kleenoff



The Acid-Minded Professor

Continued from page 21

research project. If he has time he'll nap for half an hour before dinner, then go to a meeting of the Edmonton Fish and Game Association, a lecture to the South Side Kiwanis, or his art class. Afterward he'll read, write more letters or file personal papers and pamphlets until bedtime at anywhere from twelve-thirty to three o'clock.

Though Rowan claims he's slowing down, he drives his 1938 Plymouth with furious concentration, scurries across the campus hatless and often coatless, chain-smokes and drinks eighteen cups of coffee a day. His chin is habitually thrust forward in enquiry or challenge and his hair is swept back from his large forehead into a jaunty duck's tail just above the nape of his neck.

Over the years both Edmonton and the university have been exposed to Rowan's unflagging liveliness and to scientific experiments involving crows with yellow tails, men jumping blindfolded into the river, and floodlit cages jammed with ratcheted-voiced birds caterwauling long after dusk in the centre of town. They've come to expect such heady fare of Rowan, who comments, "I love the dramatic in life."

Rowan's peculiar blend of drama and science is rooted deep in his background. The son of a Danish mother and an Irish father who was consulting engineer to the French government, he spent his early years amid the baroque luxuries of nineteenth-century Switzerland and Paris, and Edwardian England. "We never had less than fifteen funkeys," he muses in his faintly guttural voice.

Though his parents had forbidden him concerts because of the moodiness that always ensued Rowan, at thirteen, began teaching himself piano, composing songs and scribbling esoteric verse. But he suffered from "a deep-rooted sense of frustration," and a combination of adventure-promising CPR advertisements and the fact that a family acquaintance had a ranch fifty miles north of Gleichen, Alta., brought him to Canada in 1908. After three years

of cowpunching he contemplated taking a music degree at McGill University, but decided it was too late. With a fine gesture he hurled into the furnace all his music and poetry. He would be a scientist.

Now he says, "I've regretted it all my life." He returned to England and plunged into the study of biology at University College, London, and in 1919 landed a job with the zoology department of the University of Manitoba.

He brought with him his lovely English bride, Reta, a soprano-in-training with the D'Oyly Carte Company. The next year they moved together to the University of Alberta where Rowan was to set up a new zoology department.

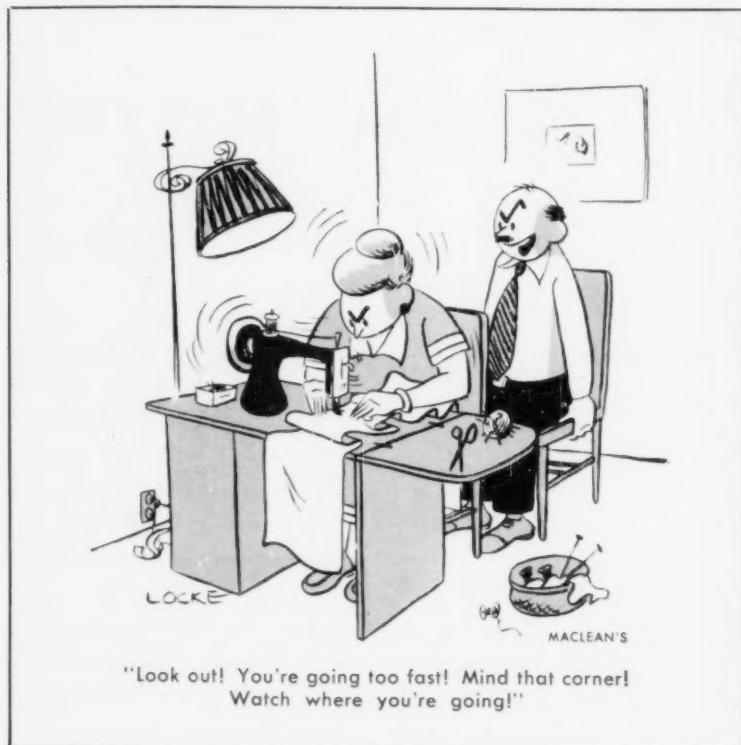
Old Crow Eggnog Special

He was already interested in bird migrations. His students soon discovered the hazards of studying under a man with an itch to experiment. The problem that puzzled Rowan was the nature of the signal that sends birds away on precise schedule every fall and brings them back in spring. The only factor in their environment that seemed absolutely regular was the shortening of the days in fall and their lengthening in spring. Rowan decided to subject crows to an artificial March-in-October by caging them and lengthening their days with electric light.

He tried his experiment in 1929 and again in 1931. Both times the first step was to get crows. Students, Boy Scouts and faculty members were pressed into service and found themselves manning gopher traps, drop-door cages and nets. As bait they used carcasses from the pound and the zoo and even rotten eggs. They even tried injecting the eggs with alcohol to stupefy the birds. The crows loved the eggnogs but held their liquor like gentlemen.

The final drive for crows for the 1931 experiment was the most memorable of all. It took place on a Sunday in a spinney near a suburban Roman Catholic church where large numbers of crows had been reported. With fifteen students Rowan drove over at dusk and crept stealthily into the

Continued on page 58



"Look out! You're going too fast! Mind that corner!
Watch where you're going!"



Irish Linen

THE HEART OF TODAY'S MOST ENVIED TROUSSEAU

Why Irish Linen is Unequalled as a Fabric

The story of Irish Linen is the story of the magical flax fibre. It is the qualities of this natural fibre that have enabled man to produce a fabric unequalled for sheer, lasting beauty.



Irish Linen is completely washable because the flax fibre is 20% stronger when wet. In fact Irish Linen becomes more lustrous when washed.



Irish Linen will outlast any other fabric because the flax fibres are individually almost twice as strong as any other natural or synthetic fibre.



Irish Linen is highly absorbent because the flax fibre is hollow like a drinking straw and a natural reservoir for quantities of water.



Irish Linen is free from lint because the flax fibre is smooth and long and leaves no short ends to break off into lint when woven into cloth.

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD
137 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO, CANADA

Continued from page 56
grove. The party raised a coarse net, seized sticks and, at a starting gun fired by Rowan, began to yell and strike at the trees. About fifty startled birds flew into the net and stuck there.

While Rowan was stowing them in gunny sacks a student pelted up crying, "We're in the hands of the police." A torch shone in Rowan's face and a relieved Irish voice said: "Someone burning down the church, is it? Why, it's only the professor after crows." A caretaker, closing the church after evening service, had given the alarm.

Though enough of the treated crows had been recovered north of Edmonton in the fall of 1929 to suggest Rowan had succeeded in fooling them about the season, he hoped for even better results in 1931. This time he marked his birds for easy recognition by air-brushing yellow Duco onto their tails. The effect was surrealistic but satisfactory. He also planned to release the birds farther south in the province so that any northbound crows would fly over as thickly populated an area as possible.

Grant McConachie was hired to fly

the crows south. McConachie, now president of Canadian Pacific Airlines, had just acquired a four-seater plane. An early start was essential, but on the appointed morning the flight was delayed several hours, ostensibly because of fog. Later Rowan learned that McConachie, required to put in twelve hours' flying time before he could take up his first revenue passenger in his new plane, had spent the morning circling the airport to clock enough time. Because of the delay the birds were again released too close to wilderness to make recovery easy.

The 1931 experiment was only slightly more conclusive than the earlier one. However both demonstrated changing day-lengths spark the semiannual flights of migrating birds.

They also demonstrated Rowan's ability to get more people into the act than any other Canadian biologist. Because recovering every possible released bird was essential to plotting the flylines every birdwatcher in the province had to be alerted. Rowan also gave interviews to newspapers, made radio appeals and offered five-dollar rewards for the return of certain birds. Reports came in by mail, telephone, telegraph and private short-wave wireless from every corner of the province, the rest of the prairies, states to the south, and northwest British Columbia. A letter arrived from the Magdalen Islands in the mouth of the St. Lawrence saying that Rowan crows had not been spotted there.

Hamburgers For Everyone

Currently Rowan is recruiting the new crop of biology students for his rabbit-cycle experiments. Regularly every ten years in north temperate latitudes rabbits, other fur-bearing mammals and resident game birds reach astounding peaks of population. Immediately afterward follows a crash so sudden and devastating that returns in one department of the Hudson's Bay Co. dropped in a few years from sixty-three thousand pelts to about two thousand. This is a peak year and game is plentiful, but already the rabbits are sickening and dying and soon game limits will have to be readjusted.

Rowan thinks the answer may lie in a periodic deficiency of some climatic factor like ultra-violet rays, in combination with a vitamin-deficient diet. He's trying to build an enclosed population of rabbits and, by varying their diet and exposing them to artificial ultra-violet, immunize them to the coming crash. So the students' jobs are mending fences in the rabbit pens and going on regular rabbit roundups. The field trips are always fun and Rowan provides hamburgers for everyone.

The only time Rowan's students have participated reluctantly in an experiment came when he attempted to make mink breed twice a year by simulating a second spring with artificial light. The Mink Breeders' Association was disappointed when he gave up—artificial winter hadn't preceded artificial spring so the mink weren't fooled—but the undergraduates in the Medical Building rejoiced. The pungent mink were kept in the basement cloakroom and the room was getting pretty gamy.

Rowan's experiments have been backed by bodies like Johns Hopkins and Harvard Universities and the Alberta Research Council. The money for the earliest ones came from Rowan's own pocket, and even now the grants often will not stretch.

As head of his department the biologist gets about \$5,400 a year. While his children were growing up his frenetic pace was dictated by the necessity of earning extra money.

When he started teaching Rowan drew some biological charts to illustrate his lectures and discovered he had a talent for drawing. Although he finds it drudgery he has since turned out scores of exquisite pencil sketches of birds and animals. Almost all have been sold and one of a wood bison brought a hundred dollars from a private collector.

He taught himself sculpture and sold models of wild animals. He ground out detective stories for pulp maga-

"This little piggy went to market... ...safely"



There they go... Grandma and the baby... off to market. With Very Important People like these in the car, a man wouldn't dream of compromising on safety. That's why you see so many family cars equipped with Dominion Royal Masters.

Royal Masters give as much as 60% more safe miles... have the best straight-line stopping ability... a stopping ability that only the Royaltex tread can give.



zines, though he has since managed to forget their titles, purchasers and plots, and has no copies.

In the Forties a magnificent polar-bear skin brought a hundred dollars to buy food parcels for Britain. Rowan's collection of bird skins—the finest in western Canada—went to cover an insurance premium.

Radio talks have earned him as much as five hundred dollars a season. Though he has often broadcast free over local stations he is paid for all scripts accepted by the CBC. His standard subject has always been Canadian wildlife. Increasingly, however, he has become impatient with such limited topics. As a biologist he feels he has far more comprehensive and urgent facts to present.

He had a chance last year when the CBC invited him to expand a script on world problems he'd left with them into two talks for their Sunday series, Our Special Speaker. The talks, broadcast in Feb. 1951 over the Trans-Canada network, pulled no punches.

The combination of overpopulation and failure of food resources, Rowan said, constitute one of the world's most grievous problems, and it is a biological problem. The second problem is also biological: man is determinedly reversing the principle of survival of the fittest, and breeding instead a race of degenerates.

"During the last two wars we sent to the front for priority of extermination the very best in male brains, physique and health that the most up-to-date modes of selection could find . . ." he thundered. "In the meantime science and medicine between them are steadily increasing the survival rate of those unfortunates who for one reason or another are born defectives. They are deemed unfit to be sacrificed on the altar of war yet fit to perpetuate the human race." If man persists the race will regress and die out, as the dinosaurs did.

The talks brought hundreds of enthusiastic letters and phone calls and more than four hundred requests for reprints. Rowan answered every one. "I haven't been to bed before one since the deluge arrived," he wrote sorrowfully to the CBC, "and it has been as late as three a.m."

Rowan has little time for recreation. He rarely goes to movies, though he liked *A Song to Remember*—based on the life of Chopin—so much he saw it six times. He loves music but hasn't had time to play the piano for two and a half years.

Occasionally, usually during the summer, he writes for his own pleasure. He has a half-finished novel tucked away and has completed a book on his crow experiments and one analyzing man's behavior from the biological viewpoint.

Rowan likes to get away for a day's shooting for mallards or Hungarian partridge. His shooting partner for twenty-five years has been J. H. MacDonald, an Edmonton lawyer, and, since both are crack shots, they count

on getting their limit. Rowan habitually uses a thirty-three-year-old double-barreled hammer gun he bought for twenty dollars. He claims he can't afford another.

A year ago Rowan accidentally backed his car over the gun. He refused to pay the ten dollars asked by the local gunsmith for repairs and fixed it himself by laying it in the road and running the car over it again.

At home Rowan tries to manage a few free moments every day to play with his three-year-old flying squirrel. He calls her Lovekin, feeds her on rice,

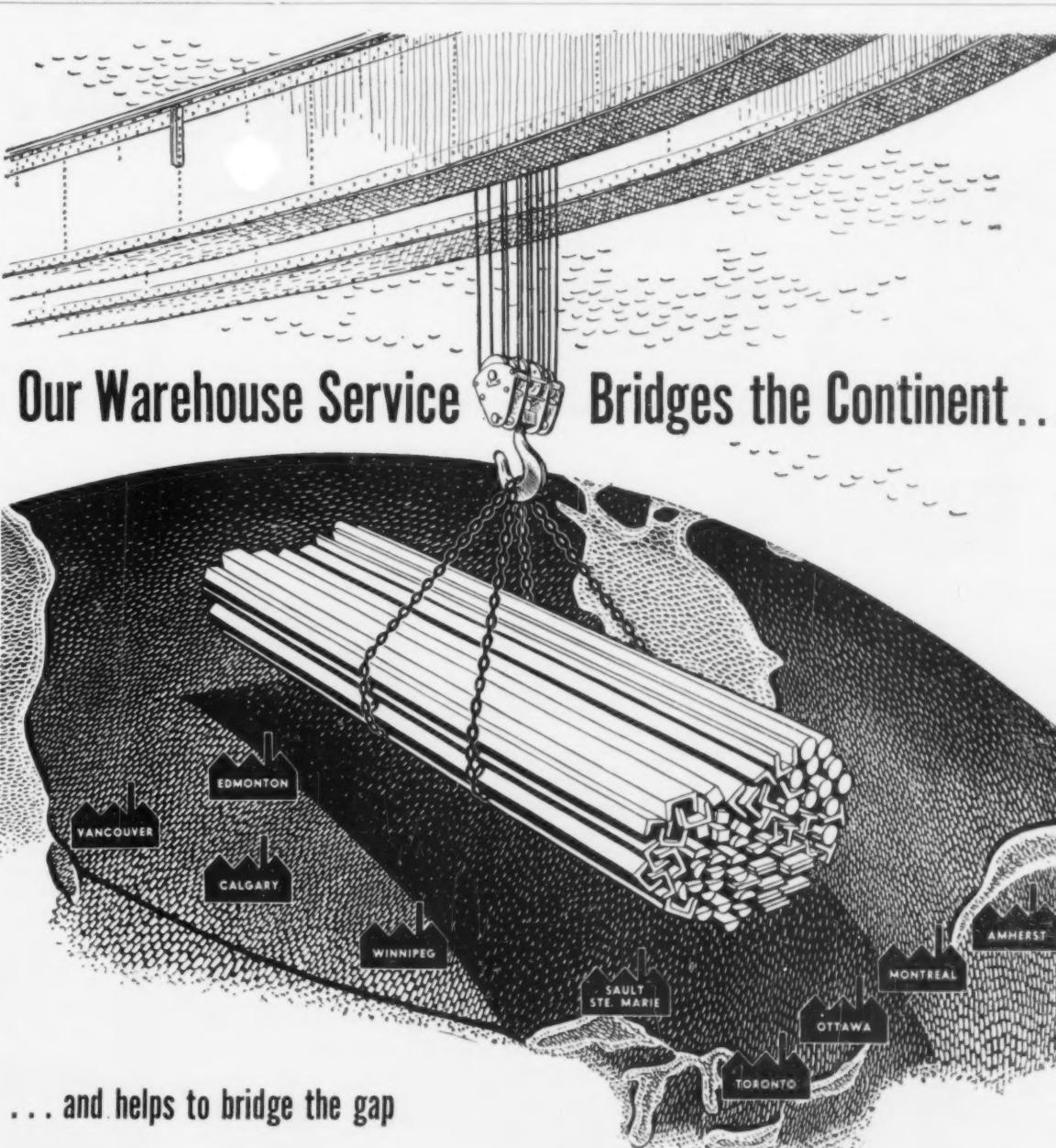
jam and cream, and prefers to ignore her bad habits. These include nesting in his top drawer among ravelings from his wool socks. Lovekin and a white Angora cat named Jolie are the latest in a long line of pets which have included dogs, horned owls, a coyote and two cougars.

The best chance of catching Rowan in a relaxed mood is when he is sitting over a pot of coffee in his office in the Medical Building on the campus. The room is a wildly cluttered mélange of science and art. The beaverboard walls are lined with bookshelves where

sculpture crowds specimen jar. Long tables piled with pamphlets bracket the desk and sketches hang side by side with lecture schedules. There are two fine wolfskins on the floor, an ingenious indirect lighting system and a record player.

Rowan will put on the Warsaw Concerto, perch on a stool and gesture with his cigarette holder. "Ah," he'll sigh mockingly, "I should have been a musician. I'm sick of the sight of rabbits."

Then, quite serious, he'll add, "I've tried to make teaching a profession." ★



... and helps to bridge the gap

AT EVERY one of the centres shown on this map Dominion Bridge* maintains a steel warehouse with complete, up-to-the-minute facilities. This means prompt, efficient service to Canadian Industry throughout the entire country.

In these days of shortages our organization is doing everything possible to bridge the gap between urgent requirements and practical possibilities.

*and its associate Companies.

WAREHOUSE DIVISION (Other Divisions: PLATEWORK, STRUCTURAL, MECHANICAL, BOILER)

DOMINION BRIDGE

Warehouses at: Montreal • Ottawa • Toronto • Winnipeg • Edmonton • Calgary • Vancouver. Assoc. Co. Warehouses at: Amherst • Sault Ste. Marie

Westinghouse

FROST-FREE

No More Defrosting to do...Ever



See the NEW Westinghouse FROST-FREE* refrigerators at your local dealer's



ROASTER



HAND VAC



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WASHER



WATER HEATER



RADIO-COMBINATIONS



RANGE



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Read why
only
Westinghouse
FROST-FREE*
gives you
truly
automatic
defrosting...

You have to defrost most refrigerators when you think they need defrosting. Other refrigerators go through a defrosting cycle every so often, whether they need it or not.

**But the Westinghouse
"Frost-Free" Refrigerator
is Different:**

- ...defrosts itself only when needed
- ...instantly restores refrigeration when all frost has been removed
- ...disposes of defrost water completely
- ...no clocks or timers to set
- ...there is no cleaning up after
- ...no food removal during defrosting
- ...defrosts so fast that frozen food and ice-cubes remain hard

**Only Westinghouse
"Frost-Free"**

gives you this perfect protection . . . this supreme, care-free convenience. Dismiss defrosting from your mind forever—you do not even lift a finger. There is nothing else like FROST-FREE in any other refrigerator—at any price.

Westinghouse Presents
The Don Wright Chorus and John Fisher
Sundays 6:00 P.M. EST

11 M. 2000

Westinghouse FROST-FREE
THE WORLD'S FIRST
AND ONLY FULLY AUTOMATIC
REFRIGERATOR

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Ordeal of Seretse

Continued from page 17

great dormitories and a husband who every morning would don his bowler hat, seize his umbrella and catch a red double-decker bus to the city.

The Commonwealth was startled. A Cape Town newspaper described Ruth as a "foolish ignorant girl." Daniel Malan forbade either of them to set foot on Union territory. Seretse's uncle and guardian Tshekedi, regent of the Bamangwato during his nephew's infancy and schooling, publicly accused him of betraying the tribe. Ruth's parents wept in sorrow. Many of Ruth's friends snubbed her in the street. The couple faced scores of slammed doors while house hunting. And millions of newspaper readers predicted they would separate in six weeks.

The story goes back five thousand miles and seventy-five years to Africa. Seretse's grandfather, Khama III, better known as the Great Khama, forged the Bamangwato out of many small Bantu tribes then roving Bechuanaland. In 1878 he was invaded by free-booting Boers from the south. Seeking help he wrote to Queen Victoria: "Their actions are very cruel. We are like money. They sell us and our children too." Victoria summoned him to Buckingham Palace and sent five thousand redcoats to kick the Boers out. Then she made Bechuanaland a British protectorate. The Bamangwato have been loyal British subjects ever since. When the Boers asked the Great Khama if they could help the British develop the Bamangwato reserve he replied icily, "One does not span an ass with an ox in the same yoke."

Stained Glass and Lion Skins

The Great Khama ruled more than fifty years and did not die until 1923. His son, Sekgoma II, survived him by only two years. Sekgoma's son was Seretse who was born in the mud-and-straw Bamangwato capital of Serowe in 1921. When Sekgoma died his half brother Tshekedi became regent until Seretse was old enough to reign.

The Bamangwato raise shaggy mongrel cattle with huge curved horns and sell the beef to South Africa. Some of the men wear scanty native dress. But most of them wear cast-off European clothing or old uniforms brought back from service in colonial regiments. The women wear draped cotton dresses with nothing underneath.

Seretse was reared in the big house of the chief. Its furniture, a mixture of Victorian English and Boer traditions, was heavy and depressing. It had rugs made of lion skins sewn together, stiff lace curtains like shrouds and a few stained-glass windows to repel the blazing sun.

Seretse played naked in the streets with other children. "I was not encouraged to thrust my position upon them," he says. "But as I grew older it was constantly instilled into me by Tshekedi that I was different and one day would have to look after them as if they were still children."

Like other boys he spent weeks driving family herds from one water hole to another through the prickly scrub which covers the land like a fuzz. In the bush he lived no differently from the poorest of his people. Back home, however, the big house, a fleet of family cars and his educated relatives gave him a sense of distinction.

Seretse honored his uncle Tshekedi. Under the regency education was spreading; trucks and tools were beginning to aid development; plans were drawn up for a future city that would have sanitation. Tshekedi approved of British native policy.

In 1933, when Seretse was twelve, Tshekedi precipitated a diplomatic incident. A white mechanic, one Phineas Mackintosh, deflowered such a spectacular number of Bamangwato virgins that Tshekedi, getting no satisfaction from complaints to the District Commissioner, arraigned him before a native court under an acacia tree. He warned Mackintosh that if he did not mend his ways he would be flogged. Mackintosh advanced on Tshekedi with threatening gestures. The surrounding elders, many of whose daughters had lost their worth in the marriage mart, seized him and flogged him.

Some colonial officials regarded this episode as an affront to white supremacy. Vice-Admiral E. R. Evans (later Lord Mountevans) marched into Serowe with a company of marines and several field pieces. He sentenced Tshekedi to two months' exile. There was a storm of protest in the British Press and King George V immediately reinstated him.

This incident had a profound effect on Seretse. He realized there was some justice in the world for the native. His admiration for Britain grew.

In 1935, on the embittered protest of Tshekedi, the British parliament flatly rejected a South African proposal that Bechuanaland should be incorporated in the Union. Seretse remembers his relief because he had heard many grim stories of the treatment of natives over the border. He grew up with the idea that in Britain were many friends of the Bamangwato and in South Africa many enemies.

During the war Seretse matriculated at Lovedale College, a missionary boarding school for the sons of chiefs and their families in Cape Province. He got his BA at Fort Hare, a small native college of Rose University, near East London, South Africa. In 1947 Tshekedi sent him to Balliol College, Oxford, to study law.

For the first time in his life Seretse associated freely with whites. Color prejudice seemed remarkably rare among the undergraduates. Occasionally they ragged him good-naturedly about being an African chief. But they never hurt his feelings. In fact they sharpened his sense of humor. Seretse learned to drink beer in the old inns and became a deft darts thrower. He wore flannel trousers, tweed coats with leather patch sleeves and long flowing scarves in college colors. He was invited to dances and found English girl students were pleased to partner him.

Once, when asked by fellow students to join in a college escapade, he refused. "It might reflect disgrace on my people," he said. He was beginning to develop the shrewdness of the West. And he was using it to the advantage of his own people.

From Balliol, early in 1948, he went up to London to read for the Bar at the Inns of Court. One day he went to a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society to be introduced to a missionary who was going out to Bechuanaland. There he met Ruth Williams' sister, who was interested in missionary work. Later Ruth Williams, out of curiosity, went with her sister to a hostel frequented by Negro students from all over the Commonwealth. She was introduced to Seretse.

Ruth had never spoken to a Negro in her life before this, but she had seen many of them in the RAF during the war. She and Seretse began having weekly dates. Sometimes they would go to a show and sometimes to a pub. The odd person scowled at them. But Ruth is a woman of strong character. In Seretse she had found a man superior in thought and poise to those she normally met within her own race.



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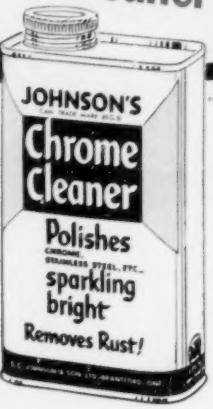


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In Ruth Seretse found an intellectual stimulus he could not expect from even the high-born Bamangwato women already competing for his hand in Africa. They fell in love.

Seretse says they both wrestled with their consciences before deciding to get married. They knew a wedding would cause a furore but came to the conclusion that it could not harm anybody but themselves. Certainly not the Bamangwato, nor the House of Khama. "It is laid down in tribal traditions," says Seretse, "that the heir to the chieftainship should be the son of a chief and his lawful wife. It does not matter who the wife is or from where she comes. The important parent is the father. There is no reason at all why my own future heir should not be born of a white woman."

Seretse explained to Ruth that the duties of chief's wife in Bechuanaland did not involve laying foundation stones, opening bazaars or kissing babies. She would be expected to help the women of the tribe improve their standards of housewifery and mothercraft and she would intercede on behalf of the women whenever their interests were at stake. She would, in fact, be a matriarch. Their home would compare with European standards of comfort.

Seretse told her she would probably be ostracized at first by the white population of Bechuanaland. She would not be allowed to enter hotels, stores, clubs and cinemas reserved for the whites. She might, of course, eventually win them over. But this would be a long uphill fight. Ruth said she didn't care.

They began looking for an apartment in London. They were turned down time and again as soon as landlords saw the color of Seretse's skin. Sometimes their rejection was bluntly rude. Eventually they found a little furnished room in Finsbury Park, North London. They then looked around for someone to marry them. Both had been brought up as Anglicans. They wanted to marry in the Church of England. But every clergyman they approached refused. In the end they arranged the civil ceremony at Kensington Registry Office.

Seretse cabled his Uncle Tshekedi of his intention. Tshekedi ordered him to cancel the wedding. Whereupon Seretse advanced the date several days to Sept. 29, 1948. Ruth didn't tell her parents until the knot had been tied.

At first the Bamangwato, under Tshekedi's influence, denounced the marriage. Then a curious thing happened. Many elders interpreted Tshekedi's stand against Seretse as the reflection of a secret ambition to secure the permanent chieftainship for himself and his sons. Whether this is true or not—and Seretse himself thinks it is untrue—by the summer of 1949 the Bamangwato had become covertly hostile to Tshekedi.

In the summer of 1949, in response to a summons from Tshekedi, Seretse flew alone to Bechuanaland. The papers announced that he was "going to face the music." In fact he was ready to strike the first blow in a cause that had already taken shape in his mind. He headed for Serowe, capital of the Bamangwato reserve, now the home of thirty thousand Africans and the biggest native village south of the equator.

Here, under the shade of the gnarled acacia trees which twist up in the heat haze from the parched undulating camelthorn scrub of the surrounding African hinterland, six thousand elders of Seretse's tribe, in tattered European clothing, gathered to decide whether he was fit to rule. At the head of them stood the regent Tshekedi, his bleak

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black face stony with disapproval, his heart set implacably against this young kinsman who had so boldly defied white opinion.

Tshekedi knew he had the mute support of the whole fabric of British colonial administration from the local District Commissioner through the Resident Commissioner in Mafeking, the High Commissioner in Pretoria, the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in London. Seretse had no backing but his lineage, and in this he displayed the quiet confidence of a man who knew it was almost sacred to his people.

The great palaver was opened by District Commissioner Victor Ellenberger, who appealed for calm and dignity. Then Tshekedi began a long and impassioned harangue in which he said Seretse had forfeited his right to the chieftainship by his unprecedented marriage to a white woman.

About seventy European residents of Serowe — engineers, traders, doctors, missionaries and the like — had an opportunity to study Seretse as he sat, waiting with an air of quiet detachment for his turn to speak.

Seretse Slapped His Thigh

There was a hush of expectancy as Tshekedi sat down and Seretse stepped forward. He spoke at first quietly, then firmly, then emotionally. His face set and he raised his right hand.

"Stand up!" he cried, "stand up those who will not accept my white wife!"

One or two elders sprang defiantly to their feet. A few more glanced around uneasily then rose hesitantly to join them. Quickly Seretse counted.

"Forty!" he shouted scornfully. "Only forty! Now stand up those who want my wife and me!"

Nearly six thousand arose in a brown cloud of dust, applauded thunderously for ten minutes, and chanted, "Seretse! Seretse! Heart of Our Red Earth, Seretse!"

The young chief slapped his thigh triumphantly. Then he turned with a challenging look to his uncle. What he saw brought tears to his eyes.

Tshekedi had cherished Seretse since infancy and during the last twenty-two years diligently cared for his nephew's domain. With nothing but bullock haulage and human sweat Tshekedi had built schools, clinics, tribal offices and roads. He had sent young men and women into civilization to train as doctors, nurses, teachers and clerks. He had proudly dispatched one of his own soldier sons to represent Seretse at King George's side during the victory parade.

Tshekedi was so devoted to progress that he had divorced a much-loved wife because she had shamed the family by reverting to primitive practices of witchcraft. He had introduced strains of Herefordshire cattle which had much improved the Bamangwato herds. No licker of the white man's boots he had survived the flogging of the Scottish mechanic.

It was Tshekedi who had designed the very reforms which gave this tribal council the voice of authority. But he did not think it timely or seemly for a black man to marry a white woman. Now he heard his arguments rejected and the act of his protégé not merely condoned but lauded.

Tshekedi was stunned. For a moment he stood in incredulous silence. Then he lost control of himself. "I was ready," he cried, "to hand Seretse the chief's chair and all my rights. But if he persists in bringing his white wife to Africa I shall fight him to the end." Suddenly he covered his eyes with his arm and sobbed: "This child has hurt

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me. And now I am hurting him. My time has come to go." With a handful of followers he went into voluntary exile outside the reserve.

It was an imperishable moment in the history of the Bamangwato. It was a moment Seretse will never forget. It was at this moment that he resisted the poignant tugs of family sentiment and set his course into the uncharted future of the new Africa, the Africa of his dreams, the Africa in which he sees black men and white living in equality and in such fraternity that the mingling of blood will raise neither hostility nor obstruction.

He says he was filled with a sense of duty toward his people. He believed that the presence of Ruth would help rather than hinder him in his role of twentieth-century chief. Since the elders had accepted him he expected their decision would be honored by the British government.

He brought Ruth out to Africa to share his responsibilities. To avoid reporters she traveled as Mrs. Jones. So that she could acclimatize herself gradually they lived with white friends of Seretse's. Their first host was Mrs. Tom Shaw, a store owner. Later they lived with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bradshaw, labor agents for the Rand diamond mines, at Palapye, a railhead forty miles from Seretse.

Down in South Africa the supporters of Daniel Malan let it be known that they regarded the presence of a "white queen" on their northern border as injurious to native policy. There were editorials in South African papers threatening that Bechuanaland would be annexed by the Union if Seretse and his wife were permitted to remain in office. If South Africa did seize Bechuanaland, said some papers, she would have no alternative but to secede from the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This, of course, might have brought about the collapse of the British Labour Government of that time. Patrick Gordon Walker, Labour Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, bought breathing space by appointing a judicial enquiry to report: "Whether the tribal council held at Seretse, at which Seretse Khamas was designated as chief, was properly convened and its proceedings conducted in accordance with native custom; and whether, having regard to the interests and well-being of the tribe, Seretse Khamas is a fit and proper person to discharge the functions of chief."

Meanwhile the tribe had welcomed Ruth. Her arrival, in August 1949, coincided with the best rainfall in years and they dubbed her "the Rain Queen."

The couple began to feel out the reaction of Bechuanaland's whites. At Palapye there is a hotel. Seretse had always been barred from its precincts but, in deference to his position, he had often been served with a glass of beer through one of the windows. At the same time he had talked over the sill to the people inside with the privileged candor of a regimental sergeant-major who has been given "a quiet one" at the back of the officers' mess. One night in August, however, when the hotel was showing a movie called *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, a new eggshell-blue Chevrolet churred to a stop outside. Out stepped Seretse wearing a neat blue pin-stripe suit and Ruth, in a saxe-blue sweater and black two-piece outfit.

Holding hands they slipped into the darkened dining room and took two chairs alongside the projector at the back. A group of traders and their wives nudged each other. The news that the Khamas were in the room was whispered around. Lon Chaney lost his grip on the audience. When the show was over the astonished whites

watched Seretse, looking grim, and Ruth, smiling serenely, depart in their car.

"Well," said one woman, "that just about beats everything."

A few days later, at Seretse, when the white men in shirts and shorts and topees, and their women, in slick flowered frocks and picture hats, were lolling round a game of cricket at the Recreation Club, they were surprised once more to see Seretse and Ruth hovering about on the other side of the field.

One woman murmured: "Poor little thing. She must be very lonely." The local garage proprietor said: "It gives you a bit of a shock to see them walking around together like that. But he's a nice chap really. I cannot see that the setup is wrong. Honestly I can't." No one, however, had the nerve to break a century of tradition by going over to greet them. After a few minutes they walked away, Seretse sadly, Ruth smiling bravely.

An Uproar in the Commons

Later hundreds of Bamangwato women filed past Ruth as she sat in a deck chair under the shade of an acacia tree at Palapye. Each woman carried on her head a pail of water or a basket of corn. They then circled her, faster and faster, shrilling out a song. Suddenly they all stopped, rushed up to her, knelt, and placed the water and corn at her feet. A spokeswoman said: "You are the mother of us all."

Through the window of the Bradshaw bungalow, a few yards away, Seretse Khamas beamed proudly. Then, to the amazement of the Bamangwato women, he went on washing the dinner dishes, a courtesy he had learned from white husbands in England.

In March 1950, when whites and blacks in Bechuanaland were getting used to the Khamas, Seretse received a summons to London. The reasons for this call were not specified. The tribal elders pleaded with him not to go. "You will be tricked," they said. Ruth refused to accompany him. "I had a premonition they were going to keep him there," she says. She was expecting her child anyhow and, in case it was a boy, she was determined to secure its eligibility for the chieftainship by bearing it on Bamangwato soil. Seretse decided it was advisable to go to London. He went alone.

A few days after his arrival he was asked by Patrick Gordon Walker to relinquish his claims to the chieftainship. He refused indignantly. He maintained that he could not do it even if he wanted to, since abdication was a purely Western custom. As long as he breathed he would be chief in the eyes of his people; to them hereditary rule was inalienable. Whereupon he was informed that he would be exiled. This decision, it was explained, was based on the findings of the judicial enquiry. Exactly what those findings were nobody knows to this day. But they were so embarrassing to the Labour Government that the report was suppressed.

In the House of Commons there was an uproar.

The Times thundered: "They will not easily persuade public opinion, which has righteously been aroused, that the divergence in racial attitude between the Union and the British territories can best be met by appeasement at cost of personal injustice. They will have a heavy task to prove that Seretse's exclusion will not do much more damage than his recognition."

A Labour MP pointed out that mixed marriages, though unlawful in South

Continued on page 66



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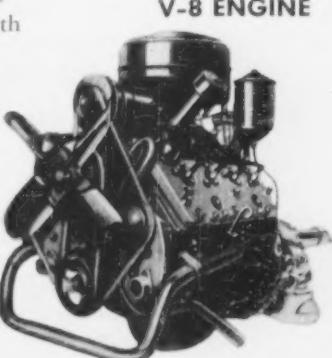
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Continued from page 64

Africa, had never been illegal in the British protectorates. The government was therefore acting unconstitutionally in applying to its own territories the laws of an outsider.

The government defended itself by promising to review Seretse's case within five years, permitting him to return to Africa for the birth of his child, giving him sixty dollars a week during exile and printing a white paper in which it pleaded, without conviction, that its decision was not based on racial grounds.

Seretse returned briefly to Africa for the birth of his daughter Jacqueline. When she was three months old in August 1950 the family was flown back to England by the RAF.

For the first time in Bamangwato history the women of the tribe voiced an opinion. More than two thousand gathered to hear a spokeswoman, Rantshabo, say: "Since Seretse went away even the goats cry all night. We are a dead people."

The town crier of Serowe, shambling through the dust between the mud huts in his ragged jacket and pants, fixed with a baleful eye the passing crowds. Then he waved his wand of office and shouted: "This special what I say. The Imperial Government has torn out our eye!"

The Bamangwato went under the direct rule of the local district commissioner. They began a series of riots so ugly that the mounted native police under white officers had great difficulty in restoring order.

In London Seretse started fighting back. Eight hundred students from throughout the Commonwealth gathered to hear him speak at Denison House in Kensington. He mounted the rostrum and said: "I have been banished because I dared to love and accept the love of a white woman." Then he faltered and raised a handkerchief to his forehead. He muttered a few words of apology and left the stage shaking with grief. The rafters shook with a great roar of "Shame!"

He began issuing a series of official statements. They were couched in diplomatic terms beginning with such phrases as: "With increasing anxiety and pain I have been closely following the sad and serious events that are taking place in my country... I deeply regret the recent disorders..."

In the past two years Seretse has addressed meetings all over the United Kingdom. At the London School of Economics last January many professors and students crowding to hear him were turned away because the hall was full. The sixty dollars a week paid him by the British government, and much of his own private income from Bechuanaland herds, goes in traveling expenses, publicity and a press officer's fees. Recently he has accepted fees for speaking to enable him to continue the fight more vigorously.

He sticks to racial topics and his own case. Last fall a Labour MP asked him to address a left-wing rally in Trafalgar Square. Seretse, who is far from left-wing, refused. Among his supporters, however, is the Socialist MP Tom Driberg. Others are the Liberal candidate Gerald Sampson and the young Conservative Lord Hailsham.

The British, who dearly love an underdog when he shows fight, have taken him to their hearts. In London he is often recognized by people in the street and given an encouraging wave. Ruth's parents have become reconciled to the marriage and visit the Khama home frequently. Last summer Uncle Tshekedi flew to London bringing presents for Jacqueline and Ruth, and an olive branch for Seretse. In the neigh-



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borhood pubs Seretse is a favorite customer.

I visited the Khamas recently in London.

Their apartment in Regent's Park was over a newspaper, tobacco and candy store in a down-at-heels street. Although he has had no trouble about getting a home since the publicity of his exile, costs have been such that he finds low rent convenient. To reach the living room guests had to squeeze past a huge refrigerator parked in the downstairs hall because there was no room for it elsewhere. They stumbled up a narrow staircase over a litter of teddy bears, rubber dolls and plastic ducks. Then they proceeded along a landing which must have creaked in Victoria's days, hurdling en route a rocking horse, a dolls' carriage and a tricycle.

Inside there were no native drums, ivory carvings, or elephants' feet to distinguish this African home in exile from the abode of an average Cockney clerk. On the wall, however, was a big colored photograph of the Great Khamas in Guards uniform.

Nothing to Lean On

Seretse is a genial host. He serves generous shots of Scotch and is forever jumping up for the cigarette box. He fixes his callers with an even, steady eye and rapidly cools if they fail to acknowledge the dignity of his rank. Ruth calls him "Chief" pointedly until guests have taken up her cue. Then she reverts to the traditional English "darling."

"The institution of chieftainship is still strong in Bechuanaland," he says. "Nobody can take away the chief's rights but God. The chief is the fulcrum of their whole social, economic and political pattern. Through the chief, reforms can be more easily carried out than through other types of administration which they do not understand. If you don't use existing forms of government to approach them the Bamangwato become suspicious. The British government has always administered the Bamangwato through the chief."

Seretse says that in South Africa detribalization has robbed Negroes of the paternal protection of the chief. The result is a dangerous psychological vacuum. The people have no one to turn to, nothing to lean on. They are exploited, reduced to slums, and exposed to Communist influences.

Asked about the effects of his white wife on native life Seretse denies that she can be injurious. "Enquiries by the British government itself have shown," he says, "that only one in a hundred of my people is opposed to her. Therefore I do not believe her presence can do any harm. Riots tend to show that it is now, during our exile, that the real trouble arises."

Seretse knows the Union of South Africa could take over Bechuanaland in twenty-four hours if it dared to risk world opinion. That of course would be a calamity for him. He is therefore very careful when he approaches the truth about his exile. Warily he says: "If the British government were to take into consideration solely the wishes of my people I should already be back in the reserve with my family. It would appear therefore that the only possible reason for my continued exclusion is because the British government is considering other opinions thought to be of greater importance than those of the Bamangwato."

Early this year, in high glee, Seretse Khamas answered a call from Lord Ismay, then Conservative Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, now the new chairman of NATO. He believed the new Churchill regime was

going to reverse the decision of its Labour predecessor. Ismay, however, merely told Seretse that his case had not been forgotten. He promised nothing beyond a review within the next three years.

The disappointment flung Seretse into one of his periodic fits of depression. "Sometimes," says Ruth, "he just sits in front of the fire warming his hands and brooding. He suffers from lumbago because of the climate. Much as I love him—more than the day we were married—I cannot move him when he gets into one of his black

moods. There is absolutely nothing will snap him out of it."

Many friends believe that Seretse Khamas married Ruth Williams as a challenge to South African opinion. Seretse denies this. "Nor did I marry her," he says, "to test the integrity of British colonial policy. I married her for love. I am entitled to the consort of my choice no less than I am entitled to the chieftainship of the Bamangwato. I shall never give up one for the other."

Recently Seretse looked up at the picture on the wall of his grandfather,

the Great Khamas, and said: "I am intensely proud of my family tradition and our long connection with the British Commonwealth. All in the Commonwealth, white and colored, should be striving for the same end. All I ask is to be allowed to make my contribution to this joint effort. The cordial relations between Britain and her Asiatic and African friends, who form by far the majority of the Commonwealth people, will suffer great harm if the wrongs that have been inflicted on my family and myself are not redressed." ★



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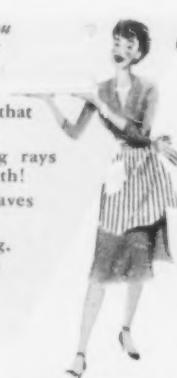
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Four Lads

Continued from page 15

mainly had," said Codarini, "is breaks, and perhaps our biggest break was getting into St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School." Monsignor J. E. Ronan, head of the school, later told me that the choir school, with an enrollment of over one hundred and fifty selected boys, teaches all school subjects up to grade ten, plus a dozen musical subjects. At least fourteen Roman Catholic churches in the Toronto area have St. Michael's graduates as choir directors or organists, but the Four Lads are the first graduates to move into big-time commercial music.

"They're good boys who got there by talent and energy," said Fr. Ronan. "Their repertoire is not, perhaps, what we would have chosen, but they're good boys, we wish them well, and everybody in the school takes a keen interest in their career."

"Breaks," continued Connie, "have come our way even in the shape of disappointments. Like the time the Barclay Hotel in Toronto auditioned us and booked us for two weeks at three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Think of it—seven hundred bucks! We quit our jobs, bought new clothes and spent the rest of our savings on recordings and photos for publicity. Just to be safe, a friend checked with the Liquor Control Board to make sure boys under twenty-one could appear in dining lounges. The answer was yes, in places where food was also served, but not in cocktail bars. We were all set. Then, the day we were to open, an inspector told the hotel management it was illegal to hire us.

"We were sick with disappointment, ready to give up the whole idea of singing professionally. What's more,

we were broke and in debt. But looking back now, if we had been allowed to sing in the hotel, we might still be singing around Toronto for three hundred and fifty a week. There's nothing wrong with that, but there's even less wrong with what we're doing now."

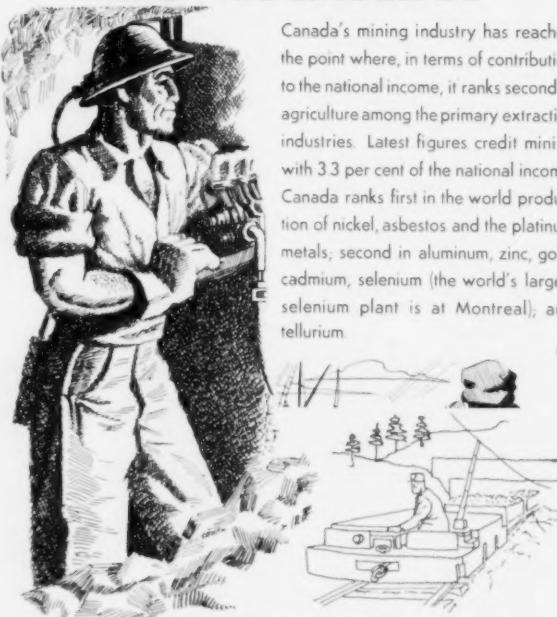
The Lads got a break even out of the disappointment. Elwood Glover, then master of ceremonies of Canadian Cavalcade, heard their audition at the hotel and booked them on that coast-to-coast radio program.

"Anyway," said Frank Busseri with a grin, "quitting my job got me out of the fruit business. And I don't think I had any future there."

The other lads roared at the recollection. Frank had a job as helper in the fruit department of the A and P at Queen Street and Ossington Avenue. One day the manager sent him to the fruit storeroom with instructions to "remove the wrappings from ten dozen oranges and bring them up." An hour later Frank hadn't shown up and the manager investigated. Frank was hunched over, yellow with orange-peel oil, surrounded by orange skin, plying a penknife on the last of the ten dozen oranges. To the manager's angry yelp Frank replied reasonably: "Why didn't you say you meant the paper wrappings?"

The formula of success followed by the Four Lads is fairly simple in an incredible sort of way. It is compounded of all possible breaks, the best possible teaching, the determination to work at singing with Stakhnovite singleness of purpose—and unusual natural musical equipment. In the case of the Four Lads this long-shot equipment consists of perfect pitch. The possession of this musical attribute, which may be described in reverse as inability to sound a sour note, is rare

TRADE-MARKS OF CANADA



Canada's mining industry has reached the point where, in terms of contribution to the national income, it ranks second to agriculture among the primary extractive industries. Latest figures credit mining with 3.3 per cent of the national income. Canada ranks first in the world production of nickel, asbestos and the platinum metals; second in aluminum, zinc, gold, cadmium, selenium (the world's largest selenium plant is at Montreal); and tellurium.

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Not just from being played, but from having the needle torn from the groove when the boys suddenly wondered, 'now just what was the significance of that rest . . . what did she mean to put over by that phrasing?' They simply tore hundreds of records apart to find out what made them tick. Well," she added with a prideful smile, "I guess they found out."

The boys finally gravitated to the Busseri home at 71 Roxton Road for their every - evening - and - all - Sunday sessions. Partly because it was central but largely because Frank Busseri Sr. has been an orchestra leader and teacher for thirty years, and thus nonstop music was an accustomed feature of the household.

One of the unforgettable experiences of the Four Lads came as the result of an invitation to sing over a Buffalo radio station. They gave a program of Negro spirituals and before it was over a Buffalo Negro pastor telephoned, asking to speak to "one of those fine Negro singers."

He was unwilling to believe that the spirituals had been sung by Canadian boys of Italian, Irish and English origin. But, having been convinced, he completed his mission: an invitation to sing in his church the following Sunday. The boys accepted, but with a good deal of embarrassment added that they could not afford the bus fare. Courteously the old pastor assured them that transportation would be provided. Next Sunday a member of the congregation drove to Toronto before dawn, picked up the boys at their far-separated homes and had them at the church in time for the morning service.

"I have proof," says Mrs. Toorish, whose husband is a CNR yard conductor at Leaside, Ont., near Toronto. "In the recreation room there are still piles of records literally worn white.

enough in an individual singer to rate mention. Program notes about the Canadian singer Gisele, for example, always point out that she has perfect pitch. But to find four boys brought together by chance, and all gifted with the ability to sound any note in their range by ear, is remarkable. And it gives them a tremendous advantage over other singing groups who must endlessly rehearse themselves into harmony with each other.

This is one reason why the Four Lads were able to devote most of their virtually continuous preparation for a career to the fine points. This preparation is paying off now, but while it lasted some of their parents were beginning to wonder if parenthood was really worth it.

"I have proof," says Mrs. Toorish, whose husband is a CNR yard conductor at Leaside, Ont., near Toronto. "In the recreation room there are still piles of records literally worn white.

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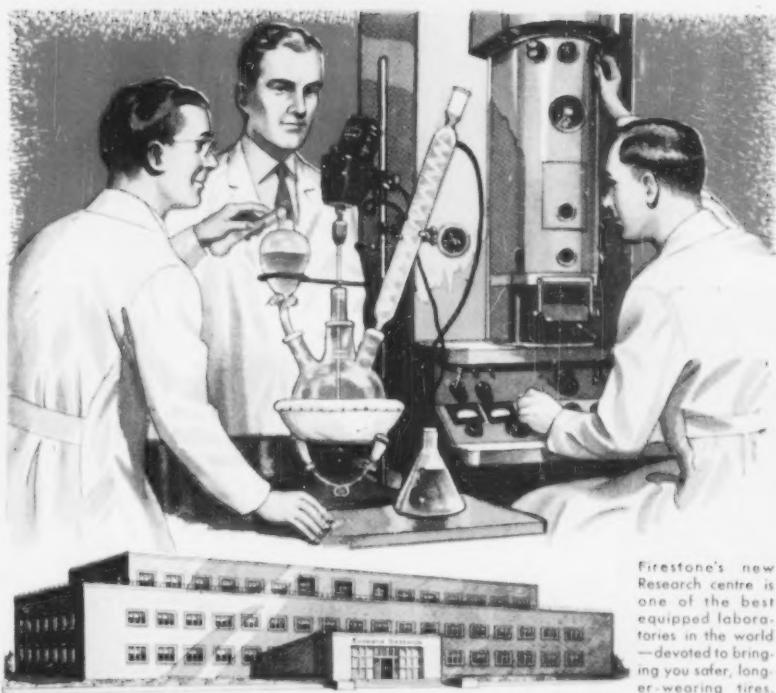
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deep silence follows the last chord of a hymn. But when we finished our five spirituals in that little Negro-church we were taken completely by surprise. The congregation, led by the minister, applauded! For somehow it seemed quite natural. I don't think our singing ever received more sincere appreciation anywhere."

A few weeks after that engagement the Four Lads carried out a routine maneuver. The Golden Gate Quartet was in town and, as usual, when any top aggregation was accessible, the Lads paid a courtesy call to talk music.

Orlando "Pop" Wilson, road manager of the famed spiritual-singing Golden Gates, later described what was to be a tutorial meeting for the Lads: "Every place the Gates show, it happens ten or twenty times, kids coming around to get ideas and say hello. But these Toronto boys certainly knew a lot of musical words. Finally I got to wondering whether they had anything to back up all that technical talk and I asked them to sing."

"What Will We Call Them?"

Ten minutes later Wilson, who is also the bass singer of the Golden Gate Quartet, was on the telephone to Michael Stewart, the group's manager. "Well, if you feel that way about it, Pop," said Stewart, "tell them to come to New York and I'll take them on for a month's trial."

This, the Lads decided gleefully, was it. Fortunately, they had some real sharp clothes as a legacy of the Barclay fiasco. Money? Well, they'd just have to scrape together enough somehow. They did, just. They landed in New York with two dollars and twenty-one cents between them. "Enough for a light breakfast," recalls Jimmy laconically, "and not quite enough for the tip. If Mr. Stewart had soured on us at first sight, we would really have been in the soup. Soup line, that is."

"They needn't have worried," Stewart said later. "It was love at first sight."

Stewart took them on a tour of Manhattan's night spots to give them the feel of it. "Might as well start at the top," he said, and led them into Le Ruban Bleu. There the boys were in for their first shock. Julius Monk, host and master of ceremonies of this café-society rendezvous, wore conservative English-cut evening clothes—"no midnight purple, no nipped-in waist, no contrasting lapels." Monk and his club, the boys admit, "left us feeling like country cousins. We weren't exactly zoot-suiters, but it was a shock to find that what we thought was pretty sharp was strictly from the sticks."

It was some consolation when Monk asked them to sing one song, and to have the mink-and-diamond customers forgive their sartorial gaucherie and hold them for eight encores. The Lads were signed on the spot to an indefinite contract that was to run thirty weeks.

But the make-over process continued. In Canada the boys had called themselves the Four Dukes, but a Detroit quartet owned that name in the United States, and they had to find a new tag. They came up with the Dukes of Rhythm or, as an alternative, the Whirlwinds. Stewart brushed them both aside.

"What will we call the four lads?" Stewart asked Monk.

"Why not the Four Lads?" said Monk.

"How corny can guys get?" the boys privately muttered.

They were to repeat the question several times in the next few days—when Stewart vetoed the white gabardine uniforms the boys had in mind

and outfitted them with plaid men's jackets; when Stewart broached the subject of shorter haircuts; when he and Monk tampered with their beloved repertoire of spirituals and jump tunes to add Canadian songs like Alouette and the Canadian Boat Song.

"Then we smartened up," says Connie, "enough to realize that we were dealing with two of the smartest men in show business."

What are the Four Lads doing with the undreamed sums of money they are now earning?

Under Stewart's management the boys are paid a salary which amounts to generous pocket money. The rest, after expenses and commissions, is socked away in conservative investments. The boys themselves are stockholders in the duly registered Four Lads Corporation, of which their manager is also a director. "We even hold annual meetings," said Bernie, "but so far the senior director has prevented us voting ourselves a raise."

Bernie Toorish is, as a matter of fact, the biggest shareholder. He gets a small percentage cut of the others' earnings because he is the group's arranger. In addition, as Daz Jordan, he is a semi-independent composer. Toorish, alias Jordan, wrote Turn Back and receives composer's royalties.

If money isn't being allowed to turn the Lads' heads, there remain, of course, the hazards of fame. The thought of four boys, all a few months this or the other side of twenty-one, on their own in strange cities and in an atmosphere of night clubs and feminine adulation, is enough to make mothers go grey. But the Lads' mothers don't worry.

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when they were at home," said Mrs. Busseri. "They were too busy working for what they wanted. And they're busier than ever now, so they have even less time for mischief. And don't forget they're genuinely religious boys."

Connie enlarged on the subject. "Any time we might have for hitting the high spots, we're hitting the hay. We thought we worked hard in Toronto, but we didn't know what hard work was. Believe me, it's only because we're young and healthy that we can keep up the pace."

"Our three shows take from ten o'clock at night until two-thirty next morning but that's only part of it. Any typical day we have disc jockey guest appearances, autographing parties, gatherings it's good publicity policy to attend, press interviews, and schools—always the schools."

During their two-week stay in Cleveland the Lads gave seven school shows. I saw one of them and it was a remarkable business. The school principal had accepted the Lads' offer to sing for an hour to the assembled pupils in the auditorium. Two hours later the howling youngsters hadn't had enough—and neither had the Four Lads. Finally the reluctant principal, to avoid washing out the afternoon's classes entirely, rang down the fire curtain.

Some Hero Worship Still

"We'd be glad to sing in any school, even if we'd never made a record," said Jimmy Arnold, "but we don't kid ourselves about the value of it to us. It's the kids who make or break a popular record."

"In Toronto," said Connie with a trace of bitterness, "we offered to do school shows. We never even got a reply from the authorities."

The Lads had to leave Toronto to find fame and fortune, but actually they have not "gone American." They consider Toronto their No. 1 fan town. Fan clubs in the Toronto area, organized by Mrs. Helen Burbidge, a kindly sympathetic housewife who befriended and encouraged the Lads in their early days, now number more than seven thousand active members.

But Toronto grownups sometimes irk the Lads. "Some of our friends approached the manager of a department-store record department and suggested an autographing party," the Lads recalled. "He asked how many records we had in our background, and when he heard we had made only one record, two sides, he shook his head: 'Impossible,' he said. 'Some very distinguished artists have had autograph parties and nobody showed up. Very embarrassing for the artist and for the store.' Fortunately an advertising department man put on the pressure and we had our party. Three thousand kids showed up, and the store had to call six cops to handle the traffic."

Nowadays the Lads have little time for sports. Most of their exercise comes in their exits and entrances. Sometimes these are a trifle too energetic such as the time at the Normandie Roof in Montreal when the foursome collided with two waiters and went down under a welter of *filet mignon* and asparagus.

The Lads still keep up their church singing whenever possible, and have appeared on Sundays with church choirs in cities where they vocalized in hot-spots during the week. Even when they haven't time for volunteer choir work they never miss a Sunday at Mass.

There is still, too, a good deal of juvenile hero worship in their mingling with world-known singers. They still describe meeting Perry Como and



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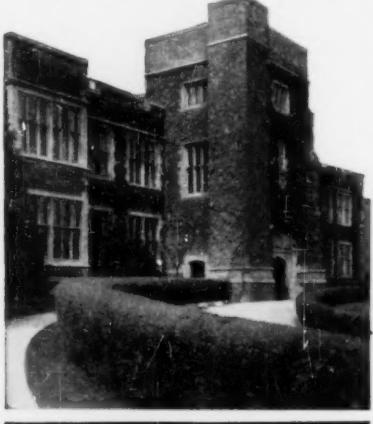
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appearing with him on a television program as "the biggest thrill yet." Second biggest thrill was a note they received from Frank Sinatra.

Sinatra had just recorded American Beauty Rose, and the boys heard it, liked it, and borrowed it. The first night they sang it they spotted Sinatra at a table in the Ruban Bleu. "We shook in our shoes," they admit. "There we were, singing a Sinatra hit in the hearing of the great man himself."

But backstage a few minutes later they received this note: "The nicest, freshest thing I've heard in a long time."

Ray Needed Something

On the road, each is assigned a special responsibility. Codarini is spokesman, road manager, paymaster, health and diet inspector. "The hours we keep," he said, "make it too easy to get screwy diet habits. I make sure the boys eat right, and thank goodness none of us have had a day's sickness yet—except me. One morning I woke up with a terrible pain in the stomach. They called in a doctor and he diagnosed appendicitis. I flew to Toronto, went in to St. Michael's Hospital, had my appendix yanked, rested up two days and flew back to New York for our date on a television show, still with the stitches in."

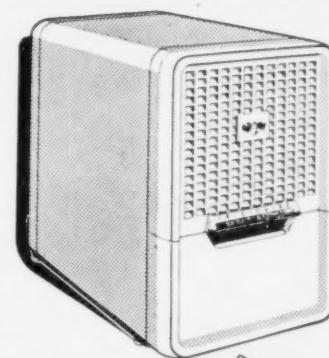
Frank is the master valet who makes sure that all the boys' clothes are cleaned, pressed and packed for travel. Toorish concentrates on arranging. In addition to arranging all the numbers in the Lads' repertoire, he makes the arrangements for their accompanists, and for Johnnie Ray and their newest recording partner, pretty Dolores Hawkins. The Lads have just recorded two numbers with Dolores, Rocks in My Bed and an unusual combination of spiritual and torch song titled Heavenly Father. Johnnie Ray, who was just emerging into his strange form of popularity when the Lads first went to New York, needed something new for choral background, and his manager grabbed the Four Lads, thereby starting a profitable partnership. Ray had been around for several years and was doubtful of entrusting his songs to a twenty-year-old arranger. "But we threw so many St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School musical technical terms at him," recall the boys with delight, "that he backed right down." Jimmy Arnold is in charge of sheet music.

No Wives on the Road

What of the Four Lads' future? "There's only one thing we're sure of," says Connie, the spokesman, "and that is that there must be four of us if we're to have a future. We've figured out that individually we have just one chance in a million of success. Together we've already gone farther than we ever hoped. So, in addition to being legally a company, we're a company in every other way. There's no such thing as individual pictures of the Four Lads. Our autograph is 'the Four Lads', not 'Connie, Jimmy, Bernie and Frank.' We don't even go on single dates—that is, when we have time for dates.

"Marriage? Not much time for that as far ahead as we can see. Only Jimmy has a steady girl, even. Back in Toronto. The way we travel around we can't expect the girls we used to go with to wait for us. But, in case any of us marry, we have a private understanding: No wives on the road to break up the Four Lads. We have too far to travel yet." ★

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Canada.

The Man Who's Going To Make Our TV

Continued from page 9

turned toward the wings and said:

Where is the stool, fool?
Fetch me yonder joint stool
And you and I shall jointly sit upon't.

On another occasion Moore forgot his lines completely and realized he simply must get a look at the script offstage. The scene was a cocktail party so Moore put down his glass and remarked: "I don't know about the rest of you, but I've had too much champagne." He walked offstage and consulted his lines, picking up his next cue on time. The stratagem not only succeeded but got a laugh as well.

G. B. S. Plays a Prank

As might be expected of a man with so much on his mind, Moore's ancestry is varied and brilliant in an eccentric sort of way. One forebear was James Watt, who invented the steam engine. Another brought the first electricity to the city of Glasgow. A third invented the three-wheeled bicycle, lost all his money and promptly made a fortune in Ceylon tea. A fourth was a missionary in India. A fifth served in the Japanese navy. Some were in the theatre and the late English playwright, James Bridie (Storm in a Teacup), was a cousin of Moore's mother.

But perhaps the most extraordinary member of this dynasty was Moore's maternal grandfather, James Mavor. His close friends included George Bernard Shaw, Prince Alexander Kropotkin, William Morris, the great Fabian artist and writer, and Leo Tolstoy. Mavor was an atheist and Shaw as a

prank put him into his play *Candida*, where as the Rev. James Mavor Morell he has achieved a certain immortality. His grandson and namesake recently played the part in Toronto.

James Mavor's own interests were as catholic as his grandson's. It was he who was instrumental in bringing the Doukhobors to Canada, through the offices of Tolstoy, and he was their spokesman in this country during his lifetime. He founded the department of political economy at the University of Toronto, but it was said that he lectured in everything *but* economy, a failing that so enraged the history department that one young rebel tried vainly to have him suspended. The rebel turned out to be William Lyon Mackenzie King.

Mavor's interest in the theatre was more than casual and it was he who brought the first professional theatrical troupe to the campus. The troupe was headed by Sir Philip Ben Greet and the thespians so impressed the professor's teen-age daughter Dora, that she ran away to New York to join the company and didn't return home until she had become a leading lady.

She married a Toronto Anglican minister, the Rev. F. J. Moore and brought her three boys up in an atmosphere heady with grease paint. Mrs. Moore's colleagues included Leo G. Carroll, Sybil Thorndyke and Sydney Greenstreet, even in those days an actor of massive bulk. On one memorable occasion, playing the banished duke in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, he suddenly sank through the flimsy stage when Orlando entered with sword drawn. Greenstreet, his chin just resting on the table top, was unperturbed and picked up the next line without hesitation: "True is it that we have seen better days . . ."

Young Mavor Moore got these tales

"My '48 thinks it's a '52!"



Look, fella, don't get snooty with me! Folks may call you the smartest car in the block, but I know you're getting middle-aged.

You were a snappy number when I got you, but you've had some rough knocks since. Actually, last winter, I was ashamed of you.

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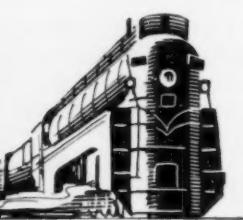
At the Charlottetown Hotel, Pictou Lodge, and The Nova Scotian in Halifax, you will enjoy Canadian National hospitality.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL



THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

with his baby food. When he was nine his parents separated and his mother brought up the boys alone in a rambling house in north Toronto crammed with spears, shields, armor, wigs, costumes and all the paraphernalia of the stage.

It was Mavor who inherited the family taste for the theatre. (His elder brother became an aeronautical engineer and his young brother went into the permanent army.) He played his first role at five in a missionary play which his mother took around the churches. At seven he was composing poetry and bringing home sketches that he had done while watching the D'Oyly Carte opera company. At eight he wrote his first piano composition. "Mavor has never wasted his time since the days when he was a small boy," his mother remarked recently.

He was reading Shakespeare at nine and producing his own plays at ten in the children's section of the Deer Park Library where he also gave lectures, for fifty cents, on the best books to select. At eleven he wrote and produced Pandora's Box, a play in verse which he now finds "dreadfully embarrassing."

At fourteen he got his first radio acting job and from the age of seventeen was able to support himself entirely. His first show was a radio serial called The Caruso Boys and Moore made sure it stayed on the air by garnering stacks of box tops for the breakfast food that sponsored it and shipping them in to the radio station.

Misses Own First Night

He breezed through University of Toronto Schools, a preparatory school, became literary editor of the school magazine, got a scholarship for play performances, won the chief literary prize and copped a gold medal for public speaking. In his spare time he designed sets for his mother who was teaching dramatics at Forest Hill School.

His enthusiasm for the drama was so great that his body rapidly became covered with the scars of his trade. He gashed his thumb on a bottle in Henry IV, Part I, suffered a sword thrust in The Rivals and took such a beating in Macbeth that he needed eleven stitches in his scalp. The school cheered him as he took his curtain call with blood streaming down his face.

He finished high school a year ahead of schedule simply by writing two sets of final exams in one year. He was awarded a fellowship at the University of Toronto and plunged into such a round of activity on the campus that he founded in his first year and failed in his second, losing the award. He changed his course, repeated his year, made up the lost money with radio acting.

He went down to the Art Gallery and asked for a job to help with university fees. The curator asked him if he could type. Moore averred that he could and got the job. He rushed home, rented a typewriter and taught himself. He astonished the curator one day by wandering into the print collection and identifying a picture that had baffled four specialists. The National Gallery offered him a free education in art restoration work at the Courtauld Institute in London but a trip to England that summer changed his mind.

On his first night in London Moore, thanks to his cousin Bridie, the playwright, met both John Gielgud and Dame Edith Evans, then, as now, the toasts of the West End theatre world. In the ensuing month he managed to see thirty-two plays and eleven movies. He was now irrevocably a captive of the stage.

At university he produced in two successive years plays that won the Cody Award for drama. He wrote songs and lyrics for the U. C. Follies, directed at the time by Wayne and Shuster, became editor of the University College magazine, president of the Players' Guild and the Philosophical Society. In his final year he managed to write and act in radio, fulfill the office of resident master in English and drama at Crescent School, and head the year in his subject.

In the decade since then, Mavor Moore has never slackened the pace. In the army he was a captain in the psychological warfare section of Intelligence. In peacetime he moved from CBC Toronto, to CBC short-wave in Montreal to CBC Vancouver. He went back to Toronto to teach radio acting and free-lance. He went to New York to work as executive producer for United Nations radio. He came back to Toronto and TV. In between he served without pay as general manager of his mother's New Play Society and he has been actively associated with forty-nine of its fifty productions.

In Moore's year as manager the society produced ten plays, five of them written by Canadians. One of these was Moore's own Who's Who. But he never saw it played. On opening night he was struck down by appendicitis and rushed to hospital for an emergency operation thus becoming, as his friend Don Harron put it, "the only playwright to have two openings in one night."

On closing night Moore, restless in hospital, determined to see his play. He got dressed and was just putting on his coat when his heart started to pound and he passed out. He had two clots on his lung and was flat on his back for another six weeks. Many of his friends are amazed that Moore, who has been subject to more than the average number of human ailments, can maintain the pace he does. He suffers badly from sinus and his eyesight is such that he can hardly see to make himself up without glasses.

"I Was Largely Wrong . . ."

Yet he is a remarkably calm man. He seldom gets angry. He seems to have none of the temperament usually associated with the creative personality. Friends who know him well say he has drilled himself to maintain this outward placidity. "Mavor is a creature of intellect," says one. "He handles himself as he writes and as he acts—with his head, not his heart." On the other hand, he is an optimist, an enthusiast and a romantic. His love songs are light and fluffy and somewhat sentimental. Recently Moore's head outdid his heart in this respect and he wrote a song called Perfectly Lovely which was meant as a satire on other love lyrics. It was used in The Best of All Possible Worlds and opened like this:

Perfectly lovely
Simply divine
You are so perfect
I wish you were mine;
One glance in the blue
At the loveliest star
Convinces me you
Are more perfect by far!

Moore was considerably amused to find that of all the songs in the show this one caught on best and that radio critic Gordon Sinclair called it, "as catching a ballad as ever came from the piano of a Cole Porter, Noel Coward or the great Gershwin."

As a jack-of-all-arts Moore finds himself continually torn between the heart and the head. "I'm a bit of a schizophrenic," he confessed the other

day. "I always feel myself pulled on one hand by the demands made on me as a responsible member of society and on the other by the desire to run away from it all and do what I want to do."

"Mavor," says one acquaintance, "would dearly love to wear a cape. He'd like to be a Bohemian, in the true sense."

But Moore looks more like a professor than a thespian. He started to lose his hair at nineteen and at thirty-three he has to be careful that billiards players do not shoot him into a side-pocket. The baldness, plus his horn-

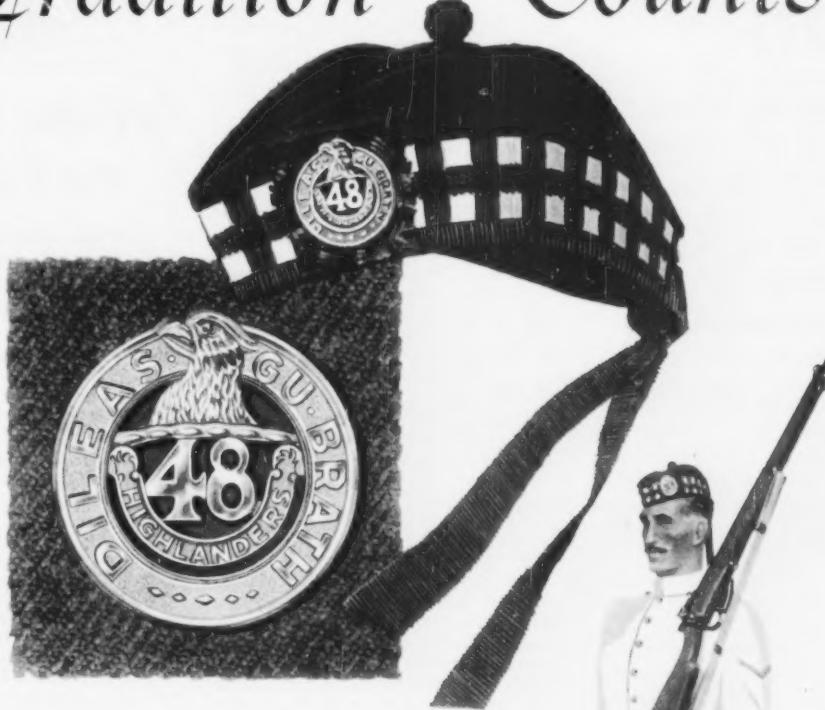
rimmed spectacles, give him an elderly look which has undoubtedly conditioned his personality. He wears sober business suits and bow ties and the only concession he makes to Bohemianism is a floppy tweed hat which he alternates with a black bowler.

His expression is both quizzical and earnest and there is no doubt about the sincerity of anything he does. In a craft where omniscience is the norm, he is sometimes willing to admit he is wrong. As director of the New Play Society on the lookout for Canadian originals he declined to produce Lister

Sinclair's Socrates because he didn't think it would play well. This winter a new group, Jupiter Theatre, did the play. Moore, after seeing it, sat down and wrote Sinclair a letter of congratulation: "I was largely wrong. The play was bloody good . . . it should be a lesson to me . . ."

He has brought some of this sincerity with him to television and it is shared by program director Stuart Griffiths. Griffiths and Moore worked together in Montreal for the CBC's short-wave International Service and Moore was the first man Griffiths thought of hiring

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when he was appointed to the post. Moore came at considerable financial loss (he turned down a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year television job at CBS) but as full of gusto as ever. He and Griffiths work more as a team than as junior and senior, under Fergus Mutrie whose duties are largely executive.

Moore and Griffiths have a pact that they will remain with the CBC's television department only as long as TV is put to a serious purpose. They do not want it to follow the American pattern where so many of the programs are dominated by marching cigarettes, whirling glasses of beer and other distracting gimmicks.

There will still be a good deal of commercial advertising in Canadian television but if Moore and Griffiths have their way, the commercial concept will not dominate programming as it tends to do in radio. They hope to be able to exert as much influence over sponsored programs as they will have over sustaining ones and it is quite likely that Canadian TV will follow the pattern of magazines and newspapers, in which program material will be prepared by the CBC, just as editorial matter is prepared by editorial staffs—and the advertisers are handed it as a *fait accompli*. This doesn't necessarily mean that the CBC won't accept good commercial shows from the U.S.

They are also determined that Canadian live talent shall not be submerged under a Niagara of Kinescope recordings from the U.S. If plans now maturing are carried through, the fee structure of Canadian television will be such that the sponsor will find it as expensive to import foreign film as to employ live talent.

No Radio With Picture

Finally, both Griffiths and Moore are insistent that television shall remain a flexible medium. They do not view it as "radio with pictures." And although initial plans call for only two hours of TV a day, both men want to have enough elbow room to cast shows at odd hours if necessary. It's quite possible that in the future there'll be some TV in the afternoon, then a silent space at the meal hour, then more TV later in the evening. "That's so people won't be faced with the problem of tearing the kids away from the set," Griffiths explains. Such things are still in the idea stage but they indicate that Canadian TV will proceed on its own and not on its neighbor's terms.

Whatever the outcome in television, Mayor Moore, "the old young man," will continue to be heard from. In his home on Blythewood Avenue in the northern residential part of Toronto, he flits from piano to television set to typewriter. His wife Dilly (for Darwina) and his five-year-old daughter Teddy (for Dorothea) decline to be astonished at the spectacle of five-pronged genius at work. Dilly Moore, who got to know her husband when both were playing with his mother's Village Players, is a costume designer on the side. As for young Teddy, she has announced that she intends to be a cowgirl, a nurse, a hopscotch dancer and an under-water ballet dancer all at the same time.

Moore looks on this latest evidence of the family talent for diversity with fatherly indulgence. "She sees no conflict whatsoever between the simultaneous pursuit of these careers," he remarks of his daughter. Undoubtedly the day will come when the daughter, who has already shown signs of the Moore precocity, will make a similar remark about her old man. ★

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No property will be sponsored unless it has a favourable mineral showing.

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

empty when they came into Confederation and they have only six senators each. Alberta and Manitoba have cities of their own to catch the drain of young men from the farm. Only Saskatchewan is defenseless — when its young men leave the farm they must, as a rule, leave the province. Moreover, the cold logic of redistribution has never been applied at any time since Confederation. The original British North America Act included a twist which was intended to protect Nova Scotia, and which in practice protected Ontario.

Finally, the prairies are in some danger of developing that same chronic sense of grievance which has been the bane of the Maritimes ever since 1867. They feel themselves the victims of tariff policy, the victims of wheat policy, the victims of eastern tycoons and eastern bureaucrats and eastern majorities. If they were allowed to suffer the full impact of their population loss in one major operation they might become permanently disaffected.

No doubt all these factors lay behind St. Laurent's decision to suggest a retreat from cold logic. He thought the redistribution committee ought to consider forbidding the loss by any province of more than fifteen percent of the seats it now has. Parliament wasn't very happy about that idea. It would give Saskatchewan seventeen seats to Manitoba's fourteen, although the difference between their populations is only about fifty thousand. Worse, it might freeze this disparity for all time; if Manitoba's population should rise a little in the 1950s and Saskatchewan's should drop a little, Manitoba might have a larger population than Saskatchewan and still have three fewer seats.

Prime Minister St. Laurent and Justice Minister Stuart Garson went to work on this problem and each came out with a formula. Either formula would have removed this difficulty, but each was so complicated that neither could explain his idea to the other without great difficulty. But in the discussion they thought of a simple way to achieve the same end.

By the terms of the revised resolution the fifteen percent hedge will operate only once. If the population continues to fall the parliamentary group from that province will dwindle too. But no province shall have fewer MPs than another province with a smaller population—which automatically raises the minimum for each prairie province from six to ten. New Brunswick has ten senators and therefore, under the 1915 amendment, cannot have fewer than ten MPs although her population is far smaller than that of the western provinces.

Parliament seems to be content with this scheme as a temporary makeshift. But it merely underlines the need for a complete overhaul of the whole system of representation, the creation of some rules and principles (there are none now), and the removal of the whole job from the hands of the interested MPs.

* * *

Up to Easter the imminence of redistribution was the chief argument of those who don't expect an election in 1952. Now they have another one—the budget. There has seldom been a budget less adaptable to campaign purposes.

Actually the trouble is not so much with the budget itself as with the budget speech. The budget itself was pretty much what everyone had ex-

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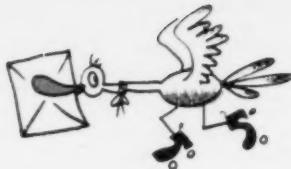
CAT-TEX



Dancy of the Enterprise

McKenzie Porter's breath-taking story, The Other Hero of the Enterprise (March 1), is worth a year's subscription. Dancy gets his well-deserved share of the credit. And Kurt Carlsen would have it so.—Rev. F. G. and L. E. Purchase, Illderton, Ont.

• From now on, no man who enjoys knitting as a hobby need fear to admit it. Dancy's choice of hobbies and Carlsen's chintz curtains and fresh flowers would indicate that real cold courage is not the prerogative of hefty hairy



MAILBAG

The Laugh Was on Toronto

Your cartoon by Len Norris on page 36 March 1, the Torontonian's Map of Canada, is priceless. Although I am a resident of Toronto, but not a native, I must say the layout of Canada as depicted by your artist typifies the outlook of a large number of Torontonians.—George W. Osborne, Toronto.

• The most realistic map of Canada ever published.—Ronald G. Bell, Toronto.

• I haven't enjoyed anything as much in a long time . . . it shows that Toronto is growing up.—Isabelle Neilly, Toronto.

• A disgrace to your magazine.—A. J. Franck, Toronto!

• It certainly is just what I have always encountered when I'm "down home" in Toronto and tell them where I live now—Noranda, Province of Quebec. The north (to Torontonians) begins at Barrie and ends at Huntsville.—Betty Muffit, Noranda, Que.

• How true, alas, how true!—Mrs. James Cripps, Mayo, Yukon.

• After glancing through Maclean's I don't know whether to believe what I see on page 36 or not.—D. J. Osborne, Ottawa.

• As an exile from Vancouver now resident for a while in Canada I greatly appreciated your Torontonian's Map, also the Winnipegger's Map (Mar. 15). A few more of these regional-attitude maps would be greatly enjoyed.—J. N. Allan, Toronto.

Coming up, the Vancouverite's Map of Canada.

How to Cook a Chook

Surely the cook was not serious when she stated (She Cooked Dinner For The Princess, Feb. 1): "I used four chickens and after they'd boiled a few hours . . ." In my humble opinion they would not be fit to feed anyone after all that cooking.—Mrs. H. Wilt, Colinton, Alta.

The Poet Not in Vain

I have just read Douglas Dacre's touching story, I Grind Her Till She Bust (March 1), and I thank him for his sympathy and understanding. "In vain the poet sings if none do hear."—Mrs. G. W. Parmelee, Montreal.

Today's News Means Nothing

Unless it is viewed in its true perspective . . . in relation to

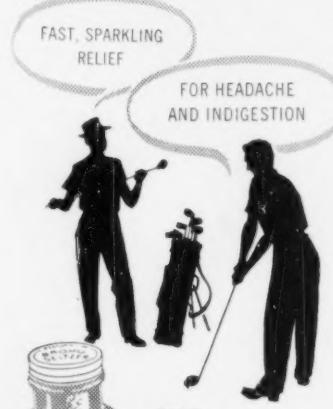
CURRENT WORLD HISTORY

The most neglected phase of history is the RECENT PAST . . . that gap between today's headlines and recorded history. Events move rapidly in the world today. Modern communications bring reports to us in an overwhelming succession of names, dates, places, statistics. They can be meaningful without their background of recent history. Now, this authentic and reliable source of that ordinarily neglected phase is offered to readers of MACLEAN'S, for the first time.

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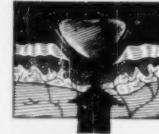


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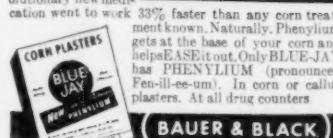


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that gets under
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CIGARETTE

types with a jutting lower jaw, and a penchant for vile tobacco and worse language. — Mrs. Iris D. Quinney, Sointula, B.C.

We Killed the Wrong Man

In Feb. 15 issue appeared a most interesting article on Fredericton, N.B. I feel obliged to inform you that it was the Hon. George Wetmore who was killed in the duel (with George Frederick Street). This gentleman was my great-great-grandfather. — George D. Stoughton, Hartford, Conn.

Movies You Can't See

I have just read George H. Robertson's article Movie Censorship (Jan. 15). The impression it has given me is that more, rather than less, censorship is our vital need. It is not my contention that censors are infallible. However, they are being paid to pro-



TECT Canadians from the kind of filth and bilge that Robertson seems to hold dear to his heart.

His reference to a British Columbia Appeal Board member as a "Catholic barrelmaker," is pointless, also barbers being on censor boards. Why should a barber be less able to detect indecency than, shall we say, a newspaperman? — W. G. Keen, Toronto.

Priceless Macpherson

The illustration (by Duncan Macpherson) of The Princess and the Wild Ones (March 15) was priceless. So is the story. — M. Gould, Yorkton, Sask.

• Quite the best story I've ever read and one of the most charming things to come out of the royal visit. The illustration by Macpherson is superb. — Mrs. Edna Melby, Neptune, Sask.

Winter's Spring Tonic

I'm sure if we had a few more cover pictures like yours of April 1 (by William Winter) we could throw away all the bottles of tonic and whatnots. — Mrs. Jim Labocetta, Wood Mountain, Sask.

Growers Wine Sales

Growers Wine Company Limited is not a one-man concern. It is made up of hundreds of shareholders throughout British Columbia and elsewhere. It does not sell its entire production to the Liquor Board of B.C. This company does business in most of the provinces of Canada. — A. De B. McPhillips, Vancouver.

This letter refers to a statement in Backstage at Ottawa (Feb. 15) that Hon. Herbert Anscomb, provincial Conservative leader and former finance minister, is chief owner and managing director of Growers Wine Company which sells its entire product to the government of which he was a member. Maclean's accepts correction on and apologizes for the last part of the statement—namely that Growers Wine Company sells its entire product to the B.C. government. Mr. Anscomb refuses to say what percentage of the company's product sells outside B.C. He told Maclean's: "I don't see that it's anybody's business but our own."

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*Reg'd



A PARSON paying calls in his parish at Niagara Falls, Ont., knocked on the door of a family in his congregation. A woman's voice called, "Is that you, angel?" "No, but I'm from the same department," was the minister's prompt reply.

When a small boy asked for a toothbrush in a drugstore in Nanaimo, B.C., the clerk exclaimed in surprise, "Another one? You bought a toothbrush a couple of weeks ago."

"Yes," the lad replied, "but with



eight of us using it, it doesn't last long."

An old-age pensioner in a Saskatchewan town recently offered the provincial department of social assistance a sporting proposition. For years, she wrote, she had been making a handsome profit on moonshine which she made in a small home still. Her apparatus was now worn out but if the department would replace it she would be able to increase production and improve the quality of her liquor. In return she would no longer need the old-age pension which the government could keep for its own use.

A young couple with a baby on the golf course at Stanley Park in Vancouver were playing a very slow game because they had to hand the baby back and forth between each stroke. The players held up behind didn't protest until one woman turned to her partner with a sarcastic, "Pity some people can't afford a baby sitter."

The young man swung around with a withering glance and retorted, "Lady, we are the baby sitter!"

In one Alberta district where the farmers have suffered through years of dried-up or failed-out crops, a sign in a restaurant reads: "If you have any questions don't ask us. If we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

Overheard in a grocery store in Madawaska, Ont.: "Don't buy that jam, Nellie; here's another kind that's two cents cheaper and it has added pectin."

When six members of the London staff of a Canadian firm made a business trip to the head office in Toronto their Canadian hosts entertained them lavishly. On their last Sunday in Toronto they went to church. One Englishman, feeling that although he couldn't repay his hosts he could at least make a contribution to his hosts' church, slipped two dollars into the church poor box, then noticed that it was labeled FOOD FOR BRITAIN.

Checking a no-parking zone, a Lethbridge, Alta., policeman found a car occupied by two elderly women and asked them sternly: "Do you ladies want a ticket?"

After a whispered consultation one answered politely, "No thank you, young man. We never win a thing!"

The academy-award-winning film, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, has received some adverse comments in Canada because it is realistic and often earthy. A placid-looking middle-aged couple emerged from a Vancouver showing with shocked expressions. The woman said heatedly, "Well! I'm certainly glad we didn't bring the children." Pause, then indignantly, "Did you ever see such table manners?"

The county of Dufferin in Ontario is settled by people whose ancestors came from Ireland. When a new



postman came to deliver a registered letter at a Dufferin farmer's door he remarked, "That's a long lane to your house."

The farmer agreed, then added thoughtfully, "Of course, if it were any shorter it wouldn't reach."

Sign outside a farmhouse on Highway 27 in southern Ontario:
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FOR HIGHWAYMEN

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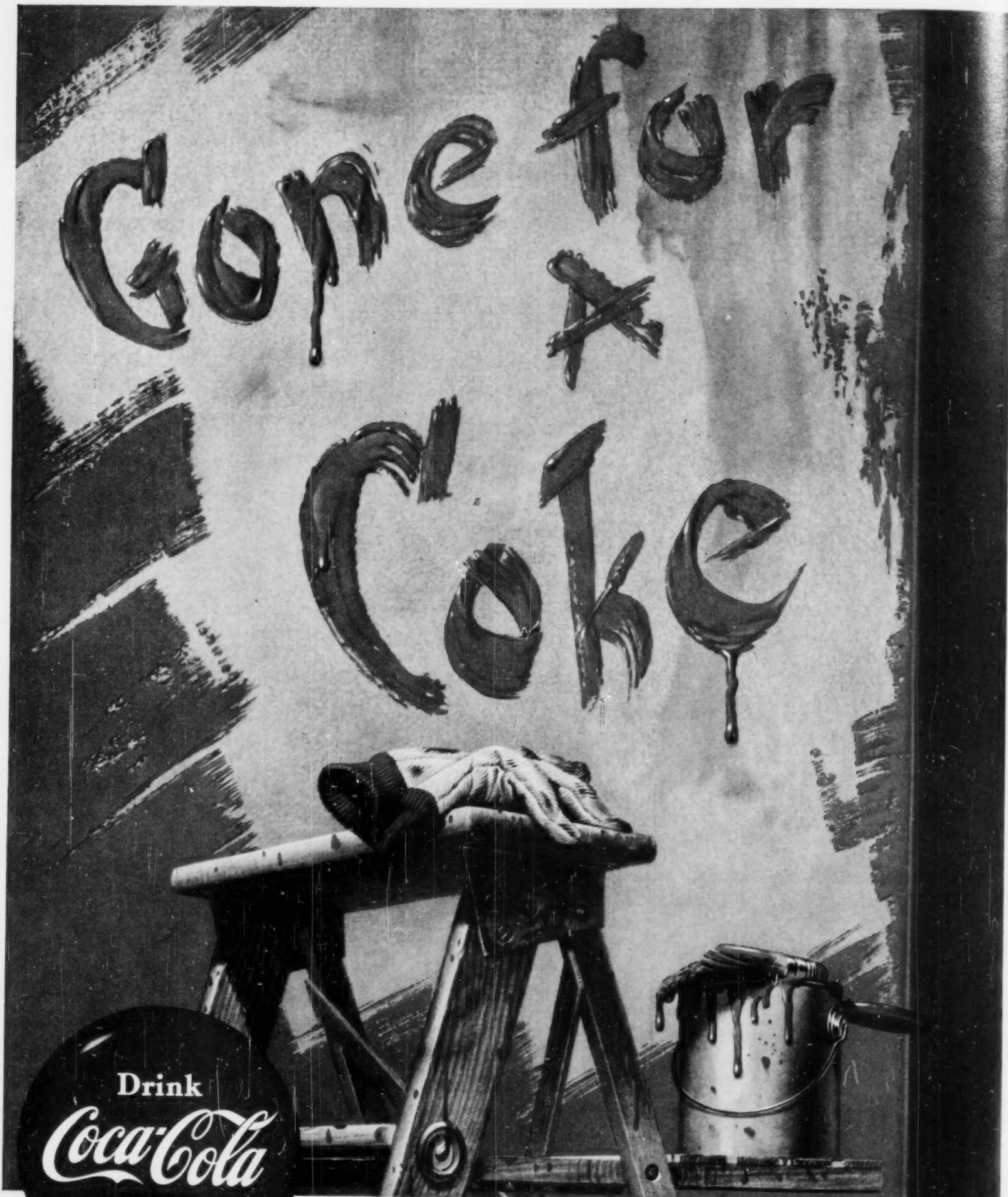
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1952